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DECEMBER 15, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

CAN CONGRESS RESIST LABOR'S PRESSURE?

THE ASSAULTS ON WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Wm. F. Buckley

HOW MOSCOW USES THE PEACE MOVEMENTS

Laszlo M. Taubinger

CAN THE NEXT TWO MONTHS SAVE AFRICA?

Elspeth Huxley

Also In This Issue:

THOMAS MOLNAR ASKS: WAS KARL MARX A PHILOSOPHER? ♦ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ON DOUGLAS MACARTHUR ♦ STANLEY PARRY ON ROCHE ♦ KIRK ON BURKE (SURPRISE!) ♦ CROCE ON FILMS ♦ & BURNHAM

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Martha Butler

ASSOCIATES

Arlene Croce, M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport,
A. Derso, Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Neal Freeman,
Aloise B. Heath,
John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn,
J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Howard W. Long Jr.

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Mrs. **Elspeth Huxley** reviews the African scene and reminds us how heavily we bank on the continuing good sense and sobriety of the leaders of Nigeria, as neo-countries all over Africa head for carnage and dissolution. It is a special pity that, at this critical period, Britain's government should have gone back into the hands of the dogmatists, for whom reality is what they read in socialist textbooks, and who have already done much to make almost permanently insoluble the crisis in Southern Rhodesia. . . . Dr. **Laszlo Taubinger** writes about the World Peace Council and the dominating role of the Communists within it. He is a correspondent of the Swiss National Broadcasting Corporation, and also a correspondent for several Swiss newspapers. He is a student of Eastern Europe and of the activities of the Communists around the world. . . . Professor **Thomas Molnar,** who reviewed Father Teilhard de Chardin's *The Future of Man* in the last issue, turns to Marxism this week and, in a brilliant analysis of the meaning of Marxist "philosophy," shows the internal consistency of the Soviet system's attacks on all true philosophy, art and literature.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** looks carefully at two critics of Whittaker Chambers who have recently written extensive derogations of him, the one (Conor Cruise O'Brien) attacking Chambers' credibility, the other (Irving Howe) Chambers' thought. The occasion is the recent publication of Chambers' *Cold Friday,* a book he off and on worked over during the last ten years of his lifetime, including the period when he was associated with NATIONAL REVIEW. It is now published posthumously. Our own review, by Mr. Colm Brogan, will appear soon. . . . **Cato** has been buzzing about the capital and reports on the President's cabinet. Strangely, it is still a Kennedy cabinet, and no immediate changes are expected by the public. But in several instances, some of the members are insecure. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about a new study of Edmund Burke. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, by the way, are off to Scotland, and will be back in February. . . . And **James Burnham,** back from Europe, writes about the indifference to political reality in Europe as the entire continent seems to be giving itself over to the pursuit of hedonism.

➔ **John Chamberlain,** who has closely studied MacArthur's career over the years, reviews the General's autobiography, which is astonishing the literary marketplace by its firm hold on the top of the Best Seller lists. . . . **Guy Davenport** gives an invaluable account of the special books designed for the Christmas market. . . . **Stanley Parry,** of the University of Notre Dame, finds the collection of essays by Professor John P. Roche (ADA 100) surprisingly good. . . . And **Arlene Croce** of NATIONAL REVIEW greatly regrets the New York Film Festival. ➔

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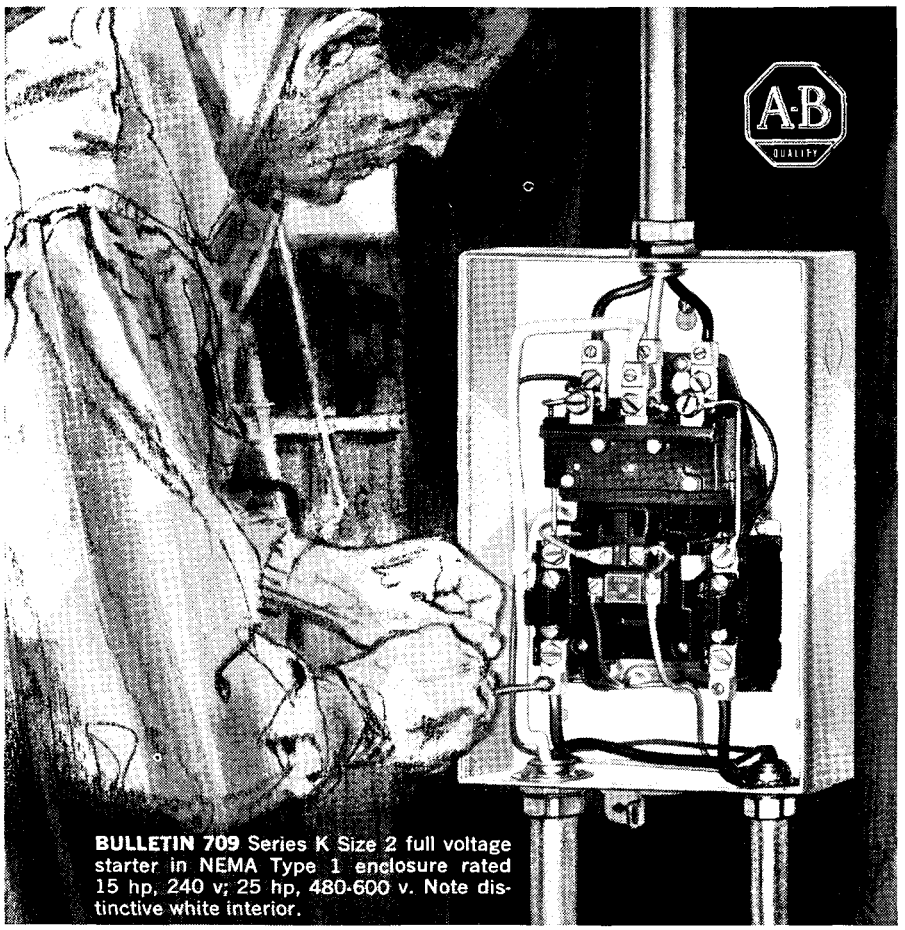

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To the Editor

Nit-Picking

Mr. William D. Russell's desire to have you stop calling Mr. Ginzburg a louse [Nov. 17] would be best achieved by his persuading Mr. Ginzburg not to *be* a louse.

Pipe Creek, Tex. CHARLES DENSFORD

Common Victims

Excellent article by Max Geltman on Hannah Arendt's critics [Nov. 17].

A further note: not only Jews but other minorities (national, racial, ideological, and religious) have also suffered from genocide, deportation, mass torture, and persecution in our century of the "common man." The pattern shows that the rich and powerful usually escape: they have bank accounts in Zurich, London, or New York. The little Jew, the little Vietnamese, the little Cuban, the little *pied noir*, the Moslem harki soldier are left behind as designated victims of vengeance. But our professional Liberal *pleureuses*, usually people of means, never seem to worry about injustice when HISTORY commands it and when their fellow rich manage to escape to their prepared nests.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Further correspondence on Mr. Geltman's article, together with the author's reply, will be published in the next issue. —ED.

LBJ's Elegy

Americans can now face that future so well put in the elegiac words: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey; where wealth accumulates and men decay."

May the conscience of the victor always rest in peace.

New York, N.Y. JOHN CASCIONE

Put to the Test

Three cheers for William F. Gavin! His "Seminar in Modern Journalistic Thought: Final Examination" [*NR*, Nov. 3] was a masterpiece.

I am a senior in a Chicago-suburban high school and, with the aid of some friends, was able to distribute reprints of Mr. Gavin's "Exam" to a goodly number of faculty members. The school hasn't

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been quite the same since. This one article has caused the number of NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers in the senior class to double (there were three, now there are six).

Western Springs, Ill. MARK Q. RHOADS

Countering a Notion

NR, Nov. 17, "The Election"—"We need to develop, if we can, a political idiom which will successfully communicate to the masses of the people the inextricable relationship between our political ideas and the best ideals of humankind."

What needs dispelling is the widespread notion that being Liberal is somehow being quite Christian; that being conservative is selfish and hard-hearted. The largest voting group in this country is composed of practicing Catholics, three out of four of whom voted against Goldwater.

Norwalk, Conn. RAYMOND E. LOW

Cornpone

I am disgusted with your article, "Uncle Cornpone Greets the Press" [*NR*, Oct. 6]. I do not understand why so many people read such a conservative and extreme magazine as this. Maybe you could answer this!

Pittsburgh, Pa. PHYLLIS M. FRANKIEWICZ

We have very few readers in Squaresville, Madam, and wish we had none. —ED.

Smethwick

Mr. Colm Brogan appears to accept the view that race was the decisive issue in the Smethwick election [Nov. 17] and I hesitate to question his judgment. But my father lives in Smethwick and on October 19 he wrote as follows:

"Since our Council became Conservative-dominated *last* May they have 1) saved us £10,000 a year by merging two departments and 2) reduced the half-year rate by 3d in the £. I think that is why Gordon Walker was chucked out. Also he has been far too cocksure."

Buffalo, N.Y. B. RAPHAEL SEALEY
State University of N.Y.

Stunned

I have long been a friend of the Negro, professionally and socially, joining the NAACP in 1945. The amity and good feeling that have been developed in the past two decades are slowly but surely being

(Continued on p. 1122)

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EZRA POUND: Poet as Sculptor *by* DONALD DAVIE. This critical study of a "difficult" poet takes a chronological approach to his work, his translations being considered no less important than his original poems. It breaks new ground in comparing Pound's treatment of certain sources with their originals. "It has Davie's virtues, which are great . . . obviously an important book." — FRANK KERMODE $6.00

SOVIET RUSSIAN LITERATURE: Writers and Problems *by* MARC SLONIM. This assessment of the Soviet literary scene since 1917 presents all the major novelists and poets, including Mayakovsky and Pasternak, Sholokov and Fadeyev, Ehrenburg and Leonov, together with such writers of the "new wave" as Evtushenko, Voznesensky, Solzhenitsyn and Kazakov. Slonim "has brought to light a good deal of fresh factual material." — ERNEST J. SIMMONS $7.50

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THE BOSTON TEA PARTY *by* BENJAMIN WOODS LABAREE. "The tea dumped in Boston Harbor in December 1773 brewed a national revolution in an astonishingly short time. Mr. Labaree's study is far and away the most thorough and authoritative account of why the tea was sent, why it was destroyed, and why its destruction had such consequences." — LYMAN H. BUTTERFIELD $6.00

WORLD COMMUNISM: The Disintegration of a Secular Faith *by* RICHARD LOWENTHAL. The schism that is cracking the Communist movement into hostile fragments had origins that most Western observers failed to evaluate properly. By retracing its stages, the author makes the disintegration of world communism historically understandable. "A most valuable review and perceptive analysis." — ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI $6.00

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The WEEK

● Louis Harris, court pollster to His Royal Cornpone, in a study that a lawyer might call an admission against interest, has found that 88 per cent of the voters are in favor of prayer in the public schools, 94 per cent in favor of Washington's tightening up its internal security procedures, and 60 per cent in agreement on the proposition that "relief" payments sap the moral juices of the recipients. Now if the American voter can only be brought to the point of agreeing to annihilate little girls who play with daisies, this country can have a conservative Administration.

● The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has made public Col. Stig Wennerstrom's testimony in his sensational trial for espionage in Sweden. On the stand, Wennerstrom was voluble about his role as Soviet agent "Eagle" while assigned to this country as Swedish Air Attaché from 1952 to 1957. The sum of his recitation is that spying on the U.S. is embarrassingly easy. He obtained most of his information, Wennerstrom said, from casual conversations with U.S. officials while visiting U.S. military installations (which his position as military observer from a neutral nation entitled him to do). Sometimes classified material was released to him for the asking, and defense plants in particular never bothered to ascertain whether he was cleared to get classified information. Wennerstrom was able to transmit microfilmed secrets to Soviet contacts with impunity, even inside the Pentagon, by means of a handshake. He managed all this and more for fifteen years before getting caught. Sweden imprisoned Col. Wennerstrom for life, but it's a safeish bet another Eagle has taken his place—what is there to prevent it?

● J. Robert Oppenheimer, or a facsimile thereof, is stalking the theaters of Europe in a left-angled re-enactment of the security hearings held in 1954 by the Atomic Energy Commission—in which it was decided that Oppenheimer's persistent attachment to things and persons Communist rendered him too hot to handle U.S. atomic secrets. *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, as the drama by a West German playwright is called, has JRO defying the warfare state in the name of scientific integrity and washing his hands of the Hiroshima bomb. Oppenheimer, who in real life defended the Hiroshima bomb, and whose status is such as to earn him a $50,000 Fermi Prize personally presented by Lyndon Johnson, promptly shot off letters of protest to the German sponsors, with copies to the more than two dozen producers who are preparing productions of their own. But lest any of his countrymen take his gesture for a belated onset of patriotism, Oppenheimer clarified it with a scientist's exactitude: "The whole damn thing was a farce," he said, "and these people are trying to make a tragedy out of it."

● LabDept, HealEduWelfDept, and EcnoOppAg, anti-poverty-wise, operate through state Off, Ag, Dept, Comm, Coun, Board, coordinated with county and city and borough implementations anti-poverty-wise, so many of them, in fact, and so snarled up, in fact, that Mrs. Annie Roberts has been called in to help out. She'll be established in "permanent" (permanent—the poor we have always with us, don't we?) offices on Lower Broadway, whither all New York's poverty money will flow from above-mentioned sources, to be coordinated and dispensed by her, not excluding herself, who, poverty-wise, will be drawing $22,500 a year, plus allowances, as Staff Director of the Anti-poverty Operations Board. If it hasn't been said before, let it be said now: the anti-poverty racket is the newest and potentially the costliest form of porkbarrel.

● Russian astronomers think there are supercivilizations on other planets so far away it would take 1,000 years to communicate with them. "Such intercourse," said the front-page story in the *New York Times*, "would be of interest only to societies of great stability and longevity." Meanwhile the West Germans are going into production with the extraordinary Wankel automobile engine (no pistons, no cylinders), which they invented eight years ago. Now let's look at the facts. The Wankel engine is expected to be of interest only to societies which produce automobiles for the masses. Russia has never produced automobiles for the masses. But she *has* produced a telephone system and it is a fact that it takes nearly 1,000 years to get anyone on the phone in Russia. Russia is ahead.

● Olga Ivinskaya, confidante and aide to the late Boris Pasternak, has been released after serving four years of the eight-year prison sentence imposed on her by late, great humanitarian Nikita Khrushchev. Ivinskaya, said to have been the model for Larissa Guishar, the heroine of *Dr. Zhivago*, had previously served five years under Stalin for "helping Pasternak plot against the state." Once the poet was dead she was vilified (by, among others, Alexei Adzhubei) as "an adventuress," "a whore," an embezzler who had stolen from Pasternak and his family. Just as Khrushchev sought to wipe out the shame the Pasternak affair had brought him in the West by stigmatizing Ivinskaya, so now the present authorities hope further to discredit Khrushchev by releasing her.

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● In Paintsville, Kentucky, one agency of the United States Government has shelled out $35,000 in recent months to teach unemployed mountaineers arts and crafts skills. In Pikesville, Kentucky, another agency of the United States Government has ruled that the Jo Pack Company, which makes arts and crafts souvenirs, is in interstate commerce because the tourists who buy its products carry them to other states and that consequently Jo Pack must pay its employees the federal minimum wage of $1.25 an hour. Jo Pack, which can't pay $1.25 and stay in business, is about to close down, putting a number of full-time employees and 200 part-time employees out of precisely the kind of work that the Federal Government is training other Kentuckians to do.

● Cpl. Dale McCuistion (see *NR*, Dec. 1, '64), whose travails under Turkish law exemplify the inadequacy of some of our own laws (the Status of Forces Treaty) is free. No thanks to the White House, the State Department, the UN. Thanks only to individual action, triggered by the crusading spirit of columnist Jack Kofoed of the *Miami Herald* and Fulton Lewis Jr. But there is a limit to everything, and the United States Government must know that it cannot rely upon right-minded friends forever to ransom the victims of its policies. The time has come to amend the Status of Forces Treaty, so that American soldiers may enjoy some of the legal amenities of our civilization even while they are engaged in defending them.

● Overheard on Far Eastern playgrounds: Red rover, Red rover, Cambodia come over.

The Payoff

A week or so ago the big-Labor bosses met to draw up their bill for services rendered. They were feeling cocky. In the new House of Representatives, they calculated, 221 members—three more than a majority—had pledged their troth in return for Labor votes delivered. For years Labor has known the Senate to be a pushover.

No. 1 on the list of payments due: repeal of Taft-Hartley's Section 14-B—the paragraph that leaves it up to the states to decide whether they want to prohibit compulsory union membership by adopting some form of what have come to be known as Right-to-Work laws. Under Section 14-B, the citizens of twenty states have in fact put Right-to-Work statutes on their books, and the citizens of thirty states have not. Thus to leave the choice to the democratic will of the citizens concerned is by no means satisfactory to big-Labor—even though experience seems to show that Right-to-Work laws have had no adverse effect on wages or employment or, for that matter, on trade union membership. The repeal of Section 14-B will, it is generally believed, automatically invalidate all the state Right-to-Work laws, and open the way nationally for compulsory unionization as a condition of employment.

Next: a raise in minimum wage rates, nationally, from the present $1.25 an hour to $2.00. Along with that: a 35-hour week and double pay for overtime.

Add to these proposals specifically for the benefit of organized labor: nationwide hospital insurance under Social Security; higher Social Security benefits; federal insurance of all private pension plans (which would bail out some of the union pension funds now insolvent from bad management or fraud); federal aid to education, urban and regional development, etc.

On January 11-14 six hundred union officials will gather in Washington to present the account in person to the White House and Congress. The reception they meet will tell us much about who runs whom as a result of the November 3 election, and what we may expect in domestic policy over the next four years. At home as abroad, Mr. Johnson is due to get his critical tests at the very start of his own regime, and to demonstrate whether he is in fact the President of all the people.

Big-Labor's welfare proposals are routine, deserving of no special comment. We should take note, however, of the demands of the labor unions themselves for they indicate the nature of the present phase in the evolution of the American trade union movement. Numerically, the unions have not been doing well over the decade past; their membership is down in absolute number, rather substantially down as a percentage of the working population. The labor bosses seek to compensate for the quantitative failure by tightening their monopoly control over key sectors of the labor force, and transforming democratic "open" unions into privileged guilds rather in the medieval mode. With absolute control of the labor force in a strategic industry or craft, the bosses can exact astronomic tribute, doubled for time over an ever shortening work week. And with the help of compulsory unionism, union control of training conditions, and an artificial wage rate enforced by government-backed monopoly, the unions can at the same time block the entrance of "outsiders," thus keeping the juicy, high-paid jobs for their established members, their families and friends.

But even with their presumptive 221 House votes, the predators may not get all their swag merely for the asking. By a charming irony, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has announced his opposition to the repeal of 14-B, the $2.00 minimum, and perhaps the whole labor package. Mr. Powell is a shrewd man who knows very well that a $2.00 minimum would wipe

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out millions of marginal jobs and that many of these are held by Negroes; and that repeal of 14-B would only make it easier for the unions to prevent Negroes' joining. Mr. Powell is not merely a refugee from the New York courts. He is chairman of the House Labor Committee, through which the proposals must flow before they can be enacted.

Trigger Happiness

General Maxwell Taylor, our ambassador and pro-consul in South Vietnam, went back to the ranch last week to discuss the collapsing situation in Southeast Asia with the Joint Chiefs, the State Department and the President. Prior to his departure from Saigon, General Taylor gave several public interviews and private leaks to journalists and TV reporters. His views were, according to all the sources: 1) the war in South Vietnam is going very badly indeed, with "the outcome very much in doubt"; 2) effective prosecution of the war requires land and air action against the enemy communications lines running through Laos and air strikes against border entry points, supply and training bases in North Vietnam; 3) such escalating will not only have a positive direct military effect, but will show North Vietnam we mean business and arouse "considerable encouragement in South Vietnam to see that at long last the enemy that has been harassing the countryside for so many years was beginning to pay."

If these three points seem to you to have a familiar ring, you are not mistaken. You heard them before, a number of times from Senator Goldwater in the course of his unsuccessful campaign for the Presidency. It was these opinions, when uttered by the Republican candidate, that became the evidence on which his critics and a large proportion of the nation's press denounced him as "trigger-happy." No one, and no journal, so far as we know, thought to apply the term "trigger-happy" to General Taylor after his well-publicized endorsement of the Goldwater analysis and proposals. The difference here in public reaction—white to black—suggests, perhaps, that the campaign charge against Goldwater had nothing much to do with any actual idea or position taken by Goldwater, but was only one more demagogic stick with which to beat the distasteful candidate of the opposition, a psywar ploy designed to scare the daylights out of atomfearing voters.

And, by the way, as we recall it General Douglas MacArthur was fired by Harry Truman for just such a public critique of the conduct of another war as Maxwell Taylor made two weeks ago of the war in Southeast Asia.

Maybe the explanation of these little anomalies is that General Taylor wasn't very serious about what he was saying. Politics-wise, Maxwell Taylor has always been a cautious operator of the Marshall school, with his eye on the boss and the next star for his shoulder. Maybe he was instructed to talk as he did, partly as a threat to Ho Chi Minh, partly as a trial balloon to see how the American voters feel about stepping up the war.

In any case, it's up to Lyndon Johnson now, and we'll know pretty soon how steady his hand is when it moves close to the trigger.

One For the Court

Some of the civil rights operators are attempting to keep alive the issue that was shelved when the Supreme Court, in October, refused to review the New York Court of Appeals decision in *Balaban* v. *Rubin*. By this action, the Court reaffirmed the implicit logic of its earlier refusal to rule on a case originating in Gary, Ind. In Gary, Negro parents brought an action to compel the local school board to bring an end to the de facto segregation in several schools that resulted from neighborhood residential patterns. The Indiana courts denied that there was any legal or constitutional compulsion on the school board to do so; and by virtue of the Supreme Court's refusal to grant *certiorari*, this ruling stands.

In New York, parents brought suit from the opposite direction: to prevent the school board from redistricting certain schools for the purpose of bringing about a "better racial balance"—*i.e.*, racial integration. The decision of the lower court, which upheld this suit, was upset in the Court of Appeals; and again the Supreme Court declined to intervene.

Technically the Court's refusal to review does not imply its opinion one way or the other. But these two refusals taken together strongly suggest that the Court is willing to permit the following interpretation: the federal Constitution *permits* but does not *require* local communities to counteract de facto segregation in the schools resulting from non-racial factors (*e.g.*, residential patterns). This interpretation is in line with the actual text of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, which ruled that compulsory school segregation based on racial criteria is unconstitutional, but did not add that the Constitution required compulsory integration—a very different proposition, in spite of the effort of civil rights fanatics to confuse the two.

We may hope the Court sustains this doctrine suggested by its two silences. It puts the decisions about districting the schools where they should be, in the local communities. It does not leave parents helpless if they object to the actions of their local board. It reminds them, however, that the remedy they must

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seek, if they object, is in the political arena, not in the courts; which is also as it should be.

Pound Foolish

One thing now seems certain. If the dollar is no longer the first line of defense for Western currencies (see *NR*, Dec. 1, '64), the U.S. is no longer the Great Dictator in monetary matters. For three years the central bankers of Europe have been sharpening their pencils on the problem of the U.S. deficit in international payments. For three years, at meetings of the International Monetary Fund and at any appropriate moment, the sound-money men of Europe have been lecturing the U.S. on the inescapable necessity of monetary discipline at home. For three years the U.S. has smiled at such pedantic presumption, ignored the warnings, and gone merrily away to borrow short, lend long, and cover the difference with mirrors, syrup, and fog. No longer.

When, on November 20, the Bank of England had to shell out $60 million to defend the pound, the trouble began. It then hit the IMF for a billion but that wasn't enough. One turned to one's friends, the dollar, the mark, the franc, the lira, the guilder. One's friends were less carefree than in days gone by. Mr. Holtrop of the Netherlands, Mr. Blessing of West Germany, Mr. Carli of Italy, and even that chap over there in Sweden—why, they actually *insisted* that something be done! And they were saying much the same sort of thing to America. Thus it was that the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve lads raised their discount rates, England going to the rare level of 7 per cent.

No one can say whether the salvage job will work. But if the Bonn-Paris axis is now in de facto command of Western monetary policies, we can look forward to a stern fight against devaluation; perhaps even to a blissful reprieve from the secular inflation of the money supply.

A Lesson of the Congo

The foreign minister of Belgium called in the Russian ambassador and said to him: "See, we are not guilty of imperialism. We have already withdrawn the paratroopers from the Congo." It is not recorded whether the Russian ambassador was pacified. If M. Spaak thinks he was, he has not read thoroughly enough in Communist theory, nor sufficiently observed Communist practice, to discharge effectively his role as foreign minister of a Western power.

The mess in the Congo, after all, is, as we and others have repeatedly pointed out, primarily the fault of Belgium, which was whipped into a dogmatic anti-colonialism by its own socialists (including M. Spaak), and by world opinion. The bloodshed and misery, the utter, hopeless chaos in the Congo since 1960, are the direct result of the premature withdrawal of the Belgians. And when, last week, the country finally felt the necessity to send paratroopers to save the lives of white hostages, the neutralist and the Communist worlds, coddled over the years by Western anti-colonialists, exploded in pique. No fewer than 700,000 Red Chinese cheered Mao Tse-tung in Peking when he denounced Belgium for having spirited a few paratroopers for 72 hours into the Congo to rescue a few white citizens. Mao Tse-tung turned his head southwest towards the Congo and, shaking his fist, promised revenge. It is not reported whether it occurred to anyone that in facing in that particular geographical direction his line of sight, to reach the Congo, had to traverse Tibet, against which Chairman Mao conducted a genocidal imperialistic war so few years ago, with utter impunity. Meanwhile in Moscow, students were egged on to maul the United States Embassy. And in Nairobi, representatives of the black nations met to denounce, with the honorable exception of Nigeria, not the Communist-backed savages, but the Belgians; and Tshombe, for hiring mercenaries.

What's done, as the saying goes, cannot be undone; and there is no way to restore a Belgian government in the Congo, to stay for another fifty years or so until creeping civilization comes in. But although we cannot re-occupy the Congo, we should at least learn from the mistake of 1960 something about the dangers of subservience to public opinion. M. Spaak did the right and courageous thing in sending the Belgian Army to rescue his and our nationals. But the entire maneuver was so hedged with caution, with trepidation, with self-doubt that it lowered its effectiveness and at the same time encouraged the voices of protest from a world opinion grown arrogant by its demonstrated power to suppress the defensive reflexes of the West. Hundreds of white men will have been killed in North Congo by the week-end and who knows how many others died or will die because Spaak felt it necessary to approach Stanleyville only after well-publicized stops in Ascencion Island, the least maneuver of his troops covered by the minute attention of a press which hardly has any business escorting a liberation scouting party and exactly informing the enemy of its

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

POLITICS AND MORTAL SIN
—by Aloise B. Heath

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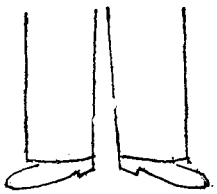
As Kreuttner Sees It

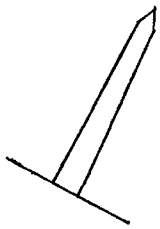
Dean Rusk, Yul Brynner, Dwight Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson and watermelon

End view of Enobling Document gathering dust on shelf in Archives Building

Polo mallet and ash tray as identified by William Fulbright



Douglas MacArthur seen from the altitude of Harry Truman



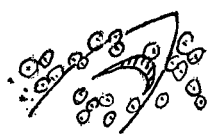
Washington Monument seen from the angle of Earl Warren

First Draft of the Constitution

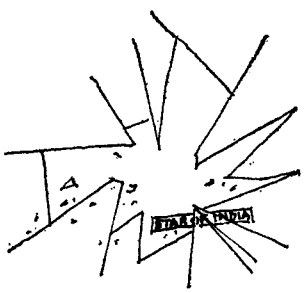
Final Draft of the Constitution

27 million Nuts

Beer can thrown from car speeding at 100 miles an hour in order to get back in time to turn the lights out

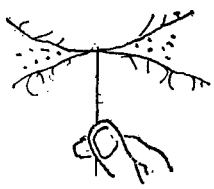


Hubert Humphrey (Shark-infested tapioca)



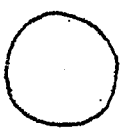
Free Enterprise, as viewed by the Council of Economic Advisors

Corkscrew, as described by The New York Times (irrelevant details omitted)

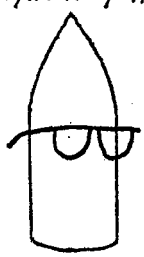


Camel passing thru eye of a needle held by Texan with 14-million dollars speculating on the Kingdom of Heaven

Life Expectancy of an Economy Drive



Angular Candidate as seen by a Square Electorate



The Liberal Press leaning over backwards to be Fair

(APOLOGIES TO ROGER PRICE)

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whereabouts, and its estimated time of arrival. But Spaak wanted to make every stop, to assure the world of the limited objective of the military maneuver.

It is a part of the Suez Syndrome. In 1956, the Western powers—first the U.S., then England, France, and Israel, showed the right instinct in trying to abort Nasser's pan-Arabic, anti-Western movement before it ran riot all over the Mediterranean; but we failed to summon the reserves of courage and steadfastness to bring it off. The Suez Syndrome is working against us in South Vietnam today: we are there committed to the right thing, but have not drummed up the resolution to carry the assignment forward. M. Spaak should have left his soldiers in Stanleyville (after all, they've got to barrack down somewhere) until the area was more generally pacified, at least until the last possible hostage had been rescued—and only then leave. And the President of the United States should have served notice that the next time its quarters in Moscow are attacked, we shall withdraw our representatives—just as General Eisenhower withdrew them from Havana under similar provocations—until the host government gives evidence it can give them the proper protection. The moral is, we must not tiptoe embarrassedly about the world in defense of our nationals and our legitimate national interests. That way we do not accomplish our goals, but rather encourage our enemies, and the moral cretins who think we are their enemies, to believe that we ourselves, deep down, doubt the rightness of our cause.

Knives Sharpening

The standard ground rules governing performances in the public arena are rough on the FBI. For its critics, detractors, and enemies, it's Anything Goes; any smear or lie, any outright infamy. A Fred Cook, James Farmer, or Conor Cruise O'Brien has total immunity in accusing the FBI of deliberate falsification and frameup, of plots to pervert and destroy the laws it is sworn to uphold. But the FBI is bound to silence, and cannot reply, or express its own judgment on Cook, Farmer, or O'Brien.

The public, moreover, is confused—almost inevitably, after the distortions of the detractors—about the precise nature and limits of the FBI's mission. The FBI is not a judge, a prosecutor, or a bodyguard. It is by law an investigating and apprehending agency and nothing more. Its investigations are carried out within the framework of federal, not state law, pursuant to the directives of the Attorney General and the President. The FBI cannot prosecute a criminal, fire a security risk, or lock up a potential assassin. It can only—if this falls under the prevailing directives—make the facts available on which the appropriate magistrate will take the action he deems fit.

The FBI—and, more and more, the nation's entire police and security force—is under long-term assault from Communists, leftists, civil rights fanatics, beatniks and the rest of the carriers of subversion, confusion and disorder. It would not be surprising if some of the bureau's defenders feel the time has arrived to speak more plainly in their own and the nation's defense. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover gave a hint of this in his three-hour interview, November 18, with a group of newswomen. Out of the long, leisurely and thoughtful discussion, based as it was on fifty years of unparalleled professional experience, a single phrase—"I consider [Martin Luther] King to be the most notorious liar in the country"—was snatched into notoriety and gleefully added to the anti-FBI arsenal.

The charge is inaccurate certainly as regards objective reality, and almost as certainly inaccurate as regards Mr. Hoover's personal hierarchy of liars. And it was improper from the chief of an investigative agency, even speaking unofficially and informally. Humanly, it is understandable enough that Mr. Hoover should have given this one small vent to feeling after so many outrages past. And in context —omitted from the press accounts—his statement does not seem quite so out of line as when naked: for Hoover notes that the Rev. Dr. King not merely made the false assertion that the FBI assigned only Southern-born agents to Albany, Georgia, but failed to correct it on being informed of its falsity, and "adamantly refused to see any official of the FBI despite repeated attempts to arrange a meeting." As for the rest of the interview—the discussion of delinquency, permissiveness, trial difficulties in the South, Presidential security, Communist activity on the campus, the terrifying proposal for a National Police Force, judicial obstacles to law enforcement, etc.—Hoover's comments were invariably apt, informed, and sharply pointed. They are a splendid antidote for an overdose of the usual hogwash dished out on these topics.

It is possible that both Mr. Hoover in making this token departure from his customary aloofness, and his enemies in their licentious attempts to exploit it, are anticipating his early departure from office in spite of last June's Presidential order permitting him to serve after reaching the mandatory retirement age of seventy, which he does in January. The nation will be hard put to it to find a replacement to match Mr. Hoover's abilities, knowledge, and devotion. But this interview, its indiscretion not exempted, suggests that his enemies may find cold comfort when the easier terms of private life unloose his long-guarded tongue.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

The K-and-J Team

► When Kennedy's assassination moved Lyndon Johnson into the White House, it was generally assumed here that the men assembled by John Kennedy to administer the New Frontier would see the new President through the initial difficulties of the Interregnum. It was further assumed that the Kennedy men would disband after the 1964 campaign, whatever its outcome. Kennedy's aides, it was said, could not work for Johnson: Kennedy was an inspirational leader, a man of ideas and endless questions; Johnson was a slavedriver, a man of action whose only concern was direct answers.

As this is written, however, the Kennedy team remains largely intact. Not a single member of the Kennedy Cabinet—with the exception of former Attorney General Robert Kennedy—has retired or been retired from service to the Johnson Administration. The reason is simple: Johnson has been uniformly impressed with the caliber of the Kennedy men, and they have responded to his confidence.

The surface tranquility, however, is deceiving. Immediately following LBJ's euphoric post-election announcement—"I have asked all the Cabinet to stay on"—word has circulated of major changes, all of them initiated unilaterally by LBJ.

The Big Ones

► The most pressing personnel problem facing the Johnson Administration is the appointment of an Attorney General. New Frontiersman Nicholas Katzenbach, number-two man in the Justice Department, succeeded automatically to the post of Acting Attorney General when Bobby Kennedy withdrew to run for the Senate. Johnson has established warm personal relations and an effective working arrangement with Katzenbach. LBJ was particularly impressed with his handling of the civil rights bill and can expect similar efficiency on the campaign to push an immigration bill through the 89th Congress. But Katzenbach is a protégé of Kennedy and, for that reason alone, is unlikely to win a permanent appointment.

Johnson's first considerations—Abe Fortas, Leon Jaworski, Clark Clifford—share one recommendation for the job: long and faithful service to LBJ. Fortas' best-known client was former Democratic Senate Secretary Bobby Baker. Two of Jaworski's better-known clients are Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson of Austin, Texas. Clifford has run many political errands for LBJ, including a clumsy attempt to suppress the Walter Jenkins story. But LBJ has been advised by friends both inside and outside the government to eliminate all three from consideration; they fear the appointment of an old LBJ crony would revive the "morality issue." At the moment, Mr. Johnson is looking favorably at Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz.

Foggy Bottom

► The second major shift involves the State Department. John Kennedy was his own Secretary of State. Under Johnson, Dean Rusk has had more latitude in the planning and development of foreign policy. But he has been unimpressive in the execution of his enlarged responsibilities.

Former Ambassador to Moscow Llewellyn Thompson has become LBJ's "Soviet man," Thomas Mann his "South American man." White House aide McGeorge Bundy has been building up his policy-making role. Averell Harriman, Rusk's subordinate at State, has become increasingly independent in his pronouncements. And Under Secretary of State George Ball, whose experience in Far Eastern affairs is not easily identifiable, urges a negotiated settlement on Vietnam in top-level memoranda. LBJ has not yet given up on Rusk. But if his performance is not radically improved, he will be replaced, or ignored.

The Others

► Changes are imminent elsewhere in the Cabinet. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze is reported in controlled leaks to be unhappy in his position—a Johnsonian euphemism roughly equivalent to the familiar Soviet formula of "ill health." Apparently impressed by these reports, Celebrezze is believed to be considering running for governor of Ohio in 1966. Frequently mentioned as his replacement is Whitney Young, director of the National Urban League. If appointed, Young would be the first Negro to hold Cabinet rank.

Postmaster General John Grounouski has run out of friends at the White House. It is the primary political responsibility of the Postmaster to service the machine which perpetuates the Administration in power. LBJ is acutely aware of these responsibilities, and regards Grounouski as a consummate failure.

And at Interior, Secretary Stewart Udall is said to be plotting his resignation—said, that is, by *Udall's* friends, not LBJ's. He may be persuaded to stay if he gets what he wants in the upcoming budget.

There were stories two weeks ago that Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon wished to return to the family banking firm, Dillon, Read & Co., to protect his business interests. Several commentators immediately concluded that Dillon's head would be the first of many to roll, for it seemed unlikely indeed that Dillon, Read, which has prospered for years without Dillon, should suddenly be in dire need of his counsel. Dillon's differences with LBJ seem now to have been settled. If Dillon does depart, however, his successor may well be Donald C. Cook, an astonishingly successful utilities executive who knew LBJ in the halcyon days on the Hill.

Secure as secure can be in a Johnson Administration is Robert Strange McNamara. LBJ regards him as the most competent man he has ever known—at least in public. **CATO**

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The Third World War

Depoliticalization in Europe

JAMES BURNHAM

As we stood in the queue at London's glittering new airlines terminal, we were surrounded by the lavish shops and display cases that nowadays tempt international air travelers with tax-free perfumes, silks, liquors, cameras and jewels. The multiple screens of a closed-circuit TV system alternated between flight announcements and ads for Rolls Royces, chocolates and holidays in the Mediterranean sunshine. A long bar nearby and an expensive glass-walled restaurant were crowded with customers. A few places ahead of me in the line I noticed two Chinese men of thirty or so. I felt certain they were junior representatives of some sort from Peking, perhaps involved in the negotiations currently in course in most European nations for more Sino-European trade. They wore overcoats of drab cloth cut with no attempt at style. Their shoes were ugly, their briefcases worn. Their faces were not the round, moon-faced Chinese stereotype, but handsome, lean and bone-showing, with tight skin. They looked proud, very intelligent and very hard; and in their eyes as they interrupted their soft talking to glance now and then at the scene around them there was, I could not help feeling, a cold contempt. Their eyes seemed to me to be saying: "So you soft people of the West are far enough gone to throw away your birthright for the sake of this trash!"

Doubtless it was all no more than a passing mood on my part. Probably the two Chinese were partners in a London laundry off to visit relatives in Paris. That contempt I thought I saw was quite likely envy or longing. But still, my momentary fancy was not altogether idle.

Western Europe—just about all of it except Ireland and Portugal—is on a hedonistic binge, a mass rush to the temples of Mammon, the doors of which have suddenly been opened wide by Europe's spectacular economic push.

It is not merely a question of a "decadent ruling class" or "privileged minority." Everybody is in on it. The United States continues richer, per capita, than any European nation, but the change in Europe from a social situation in which the large majority was poor and a good proportion often hungry to the present widespread abundance has come with an abruptness that has turned many European heads.

Enrichissez-Vous

In 1950 a car, in Europe, was the badge of wealth or power. Today the traffic jams of London, Paris and Rome are worse than New York's; the expanding wave of car ownership has already engulfed the lower middle class and skilled factory workers. In prime farming districts it is now common for a peasant to drive out from the village to his land; the horses have given way to tractors. Stores selling major household appliances are everywhere. Antique shops—global symptom of suprasubsistence wealth—sprout by the thousand. Tourism—until a decade ago in Europe the pleasure of a small wealthy minority—has become a total mass phenomenon, a wandering of the peoples. (Americans are now a small minority among tourists in Europe.) There is a striptease for every purse.

But the eating is the most impressive symbol of Europe's hedonist orgy. Even in France, gourmet has been transmuted into gourmand. The English will never learn to cook well but they are presently cooking much. The Germans, Belgians and Dutch have always had a special weakness for gluttony among the capital sins. and the Devil is now successfully tempting them five times daily—as their ample bellies confess. In sheer bulk and caloric total, the food and drink millions of Europeans are now consuming at a single meal is staggering. A stranger wonders how it is possible that those local shopkeepers, clerks and farmers at the neighboring tables in a provincial restaurant, after the *terrine de maison,* parslied ham, sausage, *crudités,* pickles and salads, after the trout, maybe pigeon or guinea hen, the veal and potatoes and carrots, after the great slabs of rich cheeses and the fruits, after the glass after glass of white wine and red, are capable of topping it off with a huge piece of glazed pastry fresh from the oven. (And what an incredulous, then pitying, look you get at lunch if you order not a *repas* but an omelet and green salad!) When we visited the chateau of Clos de Vougeot, three days after a banquet for six hundred had been held there, the kitchen maids were still washing the last hundreds of the three thousand wine glasses that had been used.

No Sweat

This mass pursuit of material goods and pleasures has much to do, I am inclined to think, with the latterly course of European affairs. The attention of most Europeans is focused on food and cars, TV sets, vacations and washing machines. They are uninterested in empires, crusades, colonies, liberations, wars in distant places, justice for others, dim future threats. The French people, except for a few romantics and professional soldiers, couldn't have cared less whether France kept Algeria; and therefore Algeria couldn't be kept. The people would not support the grim, expensive measures needed to keep it. Seen in this perspective, de Gaulle—superficially the very type of the autonomous leader—seems mere instrument of the mass will, like Churchill's successors, in their own fashion, as they presided over the liquidation of the British Empire. There is money to be made, jobs to add, by trading with the Russians, Chinese or Rumanians. Why not? Nothing visible to worry about: the missiles have canceled each other out. There are lives to be lost if we resist in Southeast Asia or Cuba or southern Africa? Forget it then: what does it matter who runs those faraway jungles when we've never had it so good and are going to get it better?

The political leader cannot operate like an intellectual who declares what

(Continued on p. 1110)

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The Assault on Whittaker Chambers

With the publication of 'Cold Friday,' the critics of Whittaker Chambers, and the friends of Alger Hiss, are at it again. For instance . . .

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

I

The current assault on Whittaker Chambers has been in two parts, the first on his credibility, the second on his thought. Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien has greeted the posthumous publication of Whittaker Chambers' essays, letters, and fragments, as a singular opportunity to call to the attention of the literary world, or at least that part of it that reads the *New York Review of Books,* that Mr. Chambers was a "veteran liar," and to confess his own continuing surprise that, even so, Chambers "should have become a saint in the eyes of so many intelligent people who dislike lies, or say they do." Don't you see, says Mr. O'Brien, all of Whittaker Chambers was a living lie: lies lies lies, to which he was driven by all sorts of reasons, mostly squalid, not the least of which was the force of rhetorical pressure, which he never could resist; indeed, which was an aspect of that passion for melodrama that ruled his life.

Almost Invisible

For instance. Mr. O'Brien proceeds to give an example to which he devotes nearly one-third of his lengthy review. Consider, and dwell upon, a furtive little statement imbedded, almost invisibly, in Chambers' essay on the Third Rome, in which he speaks of Byzantium, known to the Russians as Tsargrad . . . *"the Imperial City, city of the Tsar (Tsar, the Russian form of Caesar). The depth of the special Russian feeling for Byzantium,"* Chambers went on, *"is perhaps suggested by the fact that Tsargrad alone, among the names of foreign cities, is declined through all nine of the inflections of the Russian noun; is treated as a Russian word."*

Now: "It [is] a fact, universally recognized by grammarians," Mr. O'Brien crows, "that the Russian noun has *six* . . . inflections: not *nine*. . . . The 'nine inflections of the Russian noun' are of course a mistake, not a lie, but the mistake is, I think, a revealing one because . . . there was a 'need,' a motive, for it. In this case—and I suspect, often though not always elsewhere in Chambers' writings and testimony—the pressure to distort is a rhetorical pressure. 'All nine of the inflections of the Russian noun' gives just the reverberation Chambers needed at this point in his boomy incantation."

What mattered to Chambers in this case, and indeed in his whole life, was the dramatic problem, Mr. O'Brien is saying. He invented the nine inflections because they give a special and mystical sonority to his sentence —"nine," with its tintinnabulary sound, is such a number, by contrast with the pedestrian and unevocative "six." Just that is the key to Chambers' character. Whether he is talking about the inflections of a Russian noun about which he is ignorant, or whether he is talking about Alger Hiss, of whose innocence he is not ignorant, Chambers is driven to untruth, unknowingly, and knowingly. The pressure of the age caused him to say things about Hiss that weren't true, in order to make a grandiose historical point. A related pressure caused him, in order to perfect the rhetorical momentum of a paragraph, to say things about the Russian noun which are not so.

The charge that Chambers mishandled Russian grammar is, then, crucial to Mr. O'Brien's chimera. And so it becomes, by Mr. O'Brien's own terms, a matter of considerable interest to know whether Chambers knew something about Russian, or whether he merely affected a familiarity with it, so exposing in himself that shallowness of nature which fortifies the assumption that he was a veteran liar, and a most mischievous one because he did not restrict himself to lying about Russian nouns, but lied also about American citizens. One of whom, on account of such lies, was sentenced to prison and discredited, along with a myth about the disinterested idealism of all of the votaries of the New Deal, which myth Chambers' witness mortally wounded.

On Russian Nouns

I observed a Russian grammar at Chambers' bedside—he was recovering from a heart attack—when I first met him ten years ago. I have gone back over some letters I had from him. One of them remarked on an aspect of the Russian language one would ordinarily reflect upon, one supposes, only after mastering what is universally recognized by grammarians as basic about the Russian noun.

"I think," he added in a postscript to a letter in 1959, "I think I may have come on the key to the Russian mind, or at least a clue to the reason why the Russian mind will always remain elusive to the West. This requires a little background. In our Russian course [he was then studying the language formally] we have got to the aspect of verbs. There are two of these, the imperfective (which one learns first) and the perfective. The perfective deals exclusively with completed action, indicated by a structural change so special that there are, in effect, two of every verb in Russian. Sometimes the change is orthographic. More often, it includes (this is rather like German—with a difference) [undecipherable]. And here comes the clue to the thought process. One prefix is: *za.* Our instructor counselled us to be careful to make a distinction between past time, and past time with the use of za, since the use of za indicates that an action, which has been completed,

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is beginning. *Le voilà.* [Murray] Kempton should know that you can only read Dostoievski with the use of za."

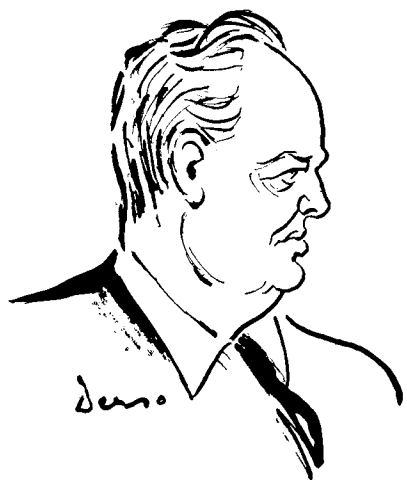
On another occasion he wrote, "I have been expressly requested to convey to you the thanks of a delighted reader of *NR*. First, some rather elaborate background to make them intelligible. Recently, one of your writers exposed a plot somewhat like the one mentioned by Dostoievski—'a vast, unnatural conspiracy of two students and a poet which shook society to its foundations.' Your piece disclosed the cryptic corruption of the minds of language students by propaganda slipped into Russian text books. I own or have read all, or almost all, the books cited in the article, so that I can say that your writer's facts, so far as they went, were right. . . . Your writer went on specifically to exempt from his charges certain texts which he lists. Let me translate a short lesson from one of these honorable exceptions. [Chambers here translated a description of a day in the life of Comrade Volkhov.] That's it. First, grammatically, the passage is unexceptionable. It makes a number of important points. There is the adjective 'hot' as applied to tea or to weather (two different adjectives in Russian). There are the distinctions among the prepositions: k, b and na; and the preposition bez, 'without,' which (mischievously, as so often in Russian) governs the genitive, not the accusative. There is the indispensable idiom: 'There is not a cloud in the sky,' where the word, cloud, for reasons evident only to the Russian mind, is again in the genitive. Etc. etc. . . . Now I can get on with my mission of thanks. Among the exceptions cited by your writer was: *Essentials of Russian*, by A. von Gronicka and Helen Bates-Yakobson. Prof. v. Gronicka is credited to Columbia. I have never heard of him otherwise . . . Prof. Helen Bates-Yakobson is the head of the Slavic Department at the George Washington University. Since she sometimes helps to supervise my exams, I have met and talked with her about the problems of teaching the linguistics of the [undecipherable] . . . It is she who has asked me to thank you. And now I have done it. I hope you will not draw your writer's attention to this letter: there are trifles that wise men should keep among themselves for private smiling."

For private smiling, Chambers was not, shall we assume? driven to untoward grammatical lies under the weight of rhetorical pressure.

Mr. O'Brien as Prosecutor

It remains, finally, to ask and answer the gut question. An inflection, in American English, is a *change in form* to reflect differences in case, gender, number, etc. The pattern of inflections of a noun is known as the declension. The accusative case in the Russian declension is normally identical in form to the nominative. All other oblique cases—genitive, dative, instrumental, and prepositional—call for a change in form, *i.e.*, spelling. The word *Tsargrad,* depending on the case, is variously written 1) Tsargrada, 2) Tsargradu, 3) Tsargradom, 4) Tsargradye, 5) Tsargradi, 6) Tsargradov, 7) Tsargradam, 8) Tsargradami, and, yes, 9) Tsargradach.

"So Whittaker Chambers," writes Mr. O'Brien, propelled by his own rhetorical necessity, "looked out and



Whittaker Chambers

saw, flaring in imagination, a legendary vision: the Nine Inflections of the Russian Noun. On points of grammar it is always possible to get the facts; on historical episodes this is often less easy." Just so. On grammatical grounds it is very easy to shatter Mr. O'Brien's attempted tour de force; less so to hope to persuade him that just as he made his case by asking his readers to reason from Chambers' grammatical unreliability over to his historical unreliability as a witness against Hiss, it might be appropriate now to ask them to reason in reverse. It being unlikely that Mr. O'Brien will follow his own strictures, let us at least agree to deduce from the episode if nothing at all about Chambers the witness, at least something very considerable about Mr. O'Brien the prosecutor, as we observe him huffing and puffing to keep his soufflé from collapsing under the weight of those nine stolid Russian witnesses to his superficiality.

Nowhere else does Mr. O'Brien give any evidence of any disposition to learn from Chambers something about the nature of our time, as he might have learned from him something about Russian. Up against the weight of the evidence—the public trials, the appeals, the other witnesses—he is like Mark Lane and Thomas Buchanan confronted with the Warren Report: for it is as true that Hiss is innocent as it is that Oswald was. Like Lane and Buchanan, O'Brien tries diligently to turn the most readily explainable anomalies into crushing evidence of his client's innocence; and he is as convincing as Mark Lane.

"Perhaps the most flagrant example [of Chambers' lying]," Mr. O'Brien goes on, tucking in his shirttail after the grammatical holocaust, "is that of his original charge against Hiss's brother, Donald Hiss, whom he said he knew as a Communist and from whom he said he collected Communist dues. Donald Hiss flatly denied that he had ever met Chambers, and no attempt at all was made to prove that he had; the thing was simply dropped."

The Hiss Case

Here and there Mr. O'Brien shows that he has mastered some of the minutiae of the Hiss case, and so makes it difficult for the active-minded reader to conclude that this passage on Donald Hiss might have been simply ingenuous. It is quite true that Chambers originally named Donald Hiss, just as he named Alger. The ensuing difference is this, that Alger sued Chambers for libel; and Donald did not. It was in order to defend himself from the charge of libel that Chambers produced the evidence that hung Alger. Donald

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never challenged Chambers in the libel courts, and the government chose not to prosecute him. If Donald had gone after Chambers as Alger did, why should one suppose the result would have been different?

Again and again Mr. O'Brien insists on exposing his mindlessness. "Chambers made the charge—subsequently demonstrated to be altogether false—that Alger Hiss had swindled his stepson Timothy for the benefit of the Communist Party . . . Chambers testified that Thayer Hobson (the boy's father) was paying for his education, but the Hisses had told him, Chambers, that 'they were diverting a large part of the money to the Communist Party . . . and they took him out of a more expensive school and put him in a less expensive school for that purpose.' This was actually the reverse of the truth. Thayer Hobson has recalled that 'When Timothy was transferred to a far more expensive school, he protested . . . and the Hisses paid the additional money out of their own pockets.' (Fred Cook, *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss*)"

The 'Evidence'

"This was actually the reverse of the truth." How easy it is for the Chancellor of the University of Ghana to discover the truth! Let us assume that *both* Chambers and Hobson were telling the truth. Chambers would have got his story from Hiss, who told him version A, while Hobson got his story from Hiss, who told him version B. Unless Hobson and Chambers had exchanged notes, they could in clear conscience have repeated their stories, believing them to be true, even though they are mutually exclusive. It does not, in other words, follow that in order to believe Hobson, one need disbelieve Chambers. Or vice versa.

If, however, one were disposed to believe the testimony of only one of the two gentlemen, such points as the following would reasonably influence our choice: 1) Chambers' testimony, given in court, was checked out at every turn by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which subsequently announced, giving the reasons why, its total confidence in his veracity; 2) Thayer Hobson was never able to contribute a scintilla of evidence to help his first wife, Priscilla Hiss, deny convincingly Chambers' version of the record of his association with the Hiss family; 3) the Hisses did not produce Timothy as a witness at the trial, electing, instead, to send him abroad; and 4) to the extent that we have only Fred Cook's word to go on, it is relevant to bear in mind that over the years Fred Cook has been for Alger Hiss as Mark Lane is for Lee Harvey Oswald: and that none of the "evidence" marshaled by Cook has satisfied a single judge, when submitted in an appeal for retrial, that the trial was unjust, or that Chambers had lied.

African Episodes

Thus O'Brien's case disintegrates, and it is with the sense of relief a swimmer has on reaching the surface after a lung-breaking rise through the water that one arrives at the peroration, in which there is only rhetoric to get through, not facts or analysis. Alger Hiss is here compared to Dreyfus, Chambers to Titus Oates; Chambers' God to the Father of Lies, and Chambers, again, to Richard Piggott, the key and mendacious witness against Parnell. Mr. O'Brien has a wonderful time with all of this, and proves himself a fine rhetorical advocate—just the man, to judge by his endowments and availability to queasy causes, to come before the court of world opinion and state the case for his boss Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana. No doubt he could prove to the editors of the *New York Review of Books* that the Osagyefo is really divine. No doubt he could show quite plausibly how come it is that he, a man of such flagrant gentility, who is horrified by the lie Whittaker Chambers once admittedly told to shield Alger Hiss from prosecution, can work with such peace of soul for Nkrumah.

It is a commonplace of psychology that one tends to exaggerate an aversion to that vice which one most notoriously practices. Mr. O'Brien will be remembered as the field commander who launched the war against Katanga in 1961, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold having brazenly lied—or so the world was subsequently informed by the same O'Brien—when he announced in the UN that the Katangese troops had launched an attack on the United Nations Army. Eventually they got rid of O'Brien, after he had disported himself somewhat ineptly on the field of battle, sending bombers to obliterate Katangese civilians and hospitals. A raging discussion took place during those crucial weeks on the question whether or not the UN troops had legally proceeded against Katanga. Mr. O'Brien, uniquely in a position to know, kept his normally irrepressible mouth snapped shut. Fifteen months after he was fired, he published his book, *To Katanga and Back*, in which he insouciantly revealed that Hammarskjold had lied, and that he, O'Brien, had done nothing about it, not until he wrote the book in question. Defenders of Dag Hammarskjold may, after the present performance, conclude that the situation looks better than they feared; that, O'Brien having accused him, perhaps Hammarskjold was innocent after all.

II

Mr. Irving Howe is a more serious critic of Whittaker Chambers than Conor Cruise O'Brien, and lets the Hiss case strictly alone, like cautious men should. He does not call Chambers a liar, he is satisfied to call him merely mad, and stupid—an "intellectual manqué," says he, savoring the highbrow's dysphemism for the relatively inoffensive "stupid." Indeed, although he entitles his review in the *New Republic* "Madness, Vision, and Stupidity," he quickly forgoes temperance to inform us that —and not simply because in his later years Whittaker Chambers "seems to have gone a little mad" —he greatly regrets that Whittaker Chambers should have undertaken to write anything at all. "He treasured a note André Malraux had sent him after the appearance of *Witness*: 'You are one of those who did not return from Hell with empty hands.' Whether Malraux remarked on the value of what Chambers brought back or the possibility that after a conspiratorial-ideological debauch it might be a nice touch of modesty to return with 'empty hands,' Chambers does not say." Chambers did not say, Mr. Howe seems to be trying to say, what Malraux would have said to

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Chambers if Howe had been Malraux —which is most unlikely ever to happen—merely what Malraux *did* say to Chambers, which Chambers should not have repeated, because Malraux did not say to him what Howe would have said to him, which gives some insight to what Howe means by a "nice touch of modesty"; if you see what we mean.

The Open-Minded Mr. Howe

Understand, Mr. Howe would have us know that he, unlike certain others, is an open-minded critic of Chambers. He even finds, and wants us to understand his courage in saying so, a certain virtue in Chambers, namely, that Chambers *did* suffer a little bit. He wants us to know that this admission is dangerous, in the circles he moves in. "To grant Chambers any virtue, even a trace of humanity, is to risk"—and here Professor Howe enjoys a fine piece of brinkmanship—"a *hissing* of anger from certain liberals who need to see him as the complete contemporary villain. But why?" he wonders. "If such people encountered Chambers in a novel, say in Trilling's *Middle of the Journey,* they would insist on granting him complexity of motive and shading of character." Chambers is, one concludes, somebody *others* should have written about (Krafft-Ebing? Max Lerner? Erich Fromm?), not somebody Chambers should have written about. For several reasons. In writing about himself, "most of the time, Chambers does his best to keep the reader from making [the] discovery . . . that there is a man [there]," a fact most difficult to discern from his "grandiose solemnity, his stunning pretentiousness, his oracular incompetence." Really, "appalling."

And because — and here is the principal trouble with Chambers—he simply *could not think.* Witness the conclusions he drew—which are not only wrong, but infuriatingly wrong; which are, well, unthinkable. These conclusions have to do with the world we live in, and the universe of which we are a part.

'The Great Nightfall'

There is, to begin with, Chambers' profound despair. That view, says Mr. Howe, "is not highly regarded in this country. Few of our intellectuals share [it]." That is certainly true. Few of our non-intellectuals share it, for that matter.

Chambers *was* a pessimist. And his sense of drama, and his style, put him in the way of saying his darkest thoughts in ways so resonant that they rankle. There are many doom-sayers in our age, as in other ages, whose expressions of gloom turn up as regularly as the stock market tables, and are about as eye-catching. But Chambers had the power to say things which stick in the unreceptive mind like foreign matter, which demand conscious, even violent efforts to excrete them. No one will notice, or greatly object to, the man who says, with the usual humdrum variations, that the world is doomed, that our civilization is falling to pieces. Chambers' way of saying much the same thing was much different, because what he said was never ritualistic but wholly spontaneous, issuing out of the very genes of his thought and being. In a casual letter to a world-saving friend he once remarked that "it is idle to talk about preventing the wreck of Western civilization. It is already a wreck from within. That is why we can hope to do little more now than to snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flower pot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth."

Against such rhetorical power the *Zeitgeist* must defend itself; and men turn ferocious. The passage in question, for instance, was several years ago quoted by the late Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam in a volume *(A Testament of Faith)* devoted to the Bishop's love of everyone, and he fairly snarled after reproducing it. ("How dare such a voice speak of tokens of hope and truth!") One does not, after reading the reviews of Chambers' books, need to imagine what that kind of thing does to the little rationalists who measure progress by the spoonfuls that are added to the diet of Latin Americans by the Alliance for Progress, and the purrs that emanate from the Kremlin between diatribe and pogrom: such a man as Chambers cannot think, in our time, any more than Galileo could think in his; and Chambers knew it, never guessed otherwise. That is one of the reasons why he could never bring himself to finish the present volume, which was put together from fragments only after he died. There is no common vocabulary between the Howes and Chambers; and there is no doubting the age is the age of Howe, no surprise at all therefore that Howe cannot understand Chambers even though Chambers understood the Howes and their world all too well: which is why he retreated to his farm in Maryland and shielded himself, as best one can in our time, when the fall-out of the age is everywhere.

"You cannot replace God with Point Four"—Howe singles out the passage as one of the examples of Chambers' appalling inability to think. *"If you fed the starving millions four square meals a day and studded their primitive lands with automated factories, men would still die of despair."* "No ordinary person," Howe fumes, "only a special kind of besotted ideologue, could say anything so

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stupid. Can one put under the same rubric the despair of a Brazilian peasant watching his children starve and the despair of a well-fed American who finds life aimless? Suppose the Brazilian peasant, suddenly lifted to plenty, were then to learn the malaise of a sophisticated New Yorker: he might indeed die of despair which, by the way, even in New York is not quite so easy."

Here are men passing each other on opposite sides of the street. God knows, no one who reads this passage will ever call Mr. Howe a Philistine manqué. For here he is, arisen in the twentieth century, who wonders at the stupid, mindless ideologue preaching, over in Judaea, that men do not live by bread alone; who, because his philosophical amplitude is so greatly restricted by the materialist limits of his vision, sees in such a statement evidence that Chambers is indifferent to the pain of starvation. Merely because Chambers knew keenly that the well-fed also die, are dying by great numbers, and that their spiritual misery is in fact the cause of much of the physical misery—war, starvation, torture—that is the trademark of our well-fed age: where the principal agents of physical misery have for the most part been men who themselves were never hungry. *"Would that we could live in the world of the fauves, where the planes are disjointed only on canvas, instead of a world where the wild beasts are real and the disjointures threaten to bury us,"* Chambers once wrote me. But the fauves run Grub Street, and howl their orthodoxies in magazines with names like *Dissent*.

A Poet's Vision

"If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist, which begins with the rejection of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right." "This nonsense," says Mr. Howe, "Chambers first advanced in *Witness;* he was repeatedly challenged and answered. The statement is false in fact, inept in logic, impudent in morals and un-Christian in spirit."

As much could be said of almost any one of the Beatitudes, as read by the vulgarian. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Suppose that were told today to a congregation of American Negroes and it were left to Mr. Howe to make comment. He would denounce the passage as false in fact (have the Negroes, meek for so long, inherited the earth?), inept in logic (how does it follow that meekness conduces to ownership of the earth?), impudent in morals (it is wrong to urge on a people acquiescence in their servile condition), and un-Christian in spirit (should not a Christian hunger and thirst after righteousness?).

Passages which are allegorical, let alone paradoxical in structure, are not written for social anthropologists to stare at dumbly. The passage would presumably have got by Professor Howe only if it had been written: "If God exists, a given man cannot be a Communist for so long as a) he recognizes that God exists, and b) he understands Communism to be founded on a negation of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right, if you understand that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is the secularist derivation of a non-belief in God which, having the effect of denying the individual a divine spark, tends naturally to advance the claims of the collectivity over those of the individual, as the focal point of social effort." But no poet ever wrote that way.

And Chambers was above all a poet, with a poet's understanding of

political affairs—which is both good and bad, good if you know and like and learn from the poet's vision, disastrous if you read a poet the way you would read the Kinsey Report; with a dramatist's understanding of political affairs—which is, again, both good and bad. No one could with any success extract a *Weltanschauung* from Chambers' writings, complete with neat and elegant trim. No more than from Bertold Brecht, or Alexander Pope, both politically-minded men of letters.

It remains extraordinary that at a time when intellectuals can grasp the complexity of the statement that *E* equals *mc* squared, so many of them should have so much difficulty understanding what, for instance, Whittaker Chambers means by asking the question, "whether the West deserves to be saved." What, Professor Howe demands to know, immediately, *is* the West? "The Salk vaccine or Jim Crow? Anesthesia or torture? Shakespeare or Spillane? The seven-hour day or child labor?" Whittaker Chambers or Irving Howe?

Stranger and Stranger

Chambers is intelligible to the same people to whom "the West" is intelligible, and the latter are not, for the most part, running the affairs of the West; although, happily, they continue to influence the public policy of the West to a greater extent than they run the book review media of the West. A man who can catechize Whittaker Chambers while serving as Chancellor of the University of Ghana, another who gives sincere evidence that he *literally* does not understand what Chambers can be talking about when he speaks of the West or when he makes disjunctions between God and Communism: they make the land stranger and stranger for any psalmist who wishes to sing the Lord's song.

"They will get what they want," Chambers wrote me, *"and it may well kill them. If I did not believe that men make their own history, I could say loftily: a judgment. Since I do believe that men make their own history (though not, as we are reminded, just as they please), it is even worse. The result (judgment is an unnecessary concept) will simply parse the interactions of what really is, of reality. The consequence will be more terrible because quite merciless. What does energy know of mercy?"*

But there are still those for whom Chambers' books, like his life, will be forever exalting, and on account of him their numbers will grow. It is quite enough that there are some such left. The others are not yet writing all the books, and do not yet make all of history.

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Doves and Stoolpigeons

When the Soviet Union pulled out of Vienna it left behind a memento: the GHQ of the peace movements. This is how the Communists work, and through whom

LASZLO M. TAUBINGER

Peace. It's a word of high emotional content, buzzing with associations, cluttered with symbols, rent with paradox: it is perhaps the most important word in the armory of Communist propaganda.

After the war, the Fourth District of Vienna was in the Russian zone of occupation. Except for an old house here and there, the main thoroughfare through it, the *Favoritenstrasse,* is hideous, and roar of traffic unceasing. But if you turn off on to the small square called *Möllwaldplatz,* the relief at getting away from the traffic stream is such that the cliché "peace, perfect peace" drifts through your mind. There are private houses here containing residential apartments as well as offices. The most interesting of these houses is Number 5. When the last Russian occupying forces left Austria in 1955, it gradually became known that a small but embarrassing legacy had been left behind at 5 *Möllwaldplatz* called the World Council for Peace. The man in charge was a French Communist, Ferdinand de Vigne. The Austrian Ministry of the Interior was in no doubt as to the functions of the Council: as the successor of the old AGITPROP, it was and is the organization responsible for Communist penetration throughout the non-Communist world. It is the center to which leaders of all Communist-led movements and activist groups within non-Communist organizations go to report and receive instructions. In February 1957 Interior Minister Helmer ordered the World Council for Peace to wind up its affairs and asked its officials to leave the country. So far, so good. But three months later, a number of individuals turned up at #5, suitcases in hand, opened up the house and settled down to work, not forgetting to put a new notice on the door to replace the old one. It said: "International Institute for Peace." Under Austrian law, there was nothing the authorities could do: the fact that the secretary of the new Institute was Ferdinand de Vigne was not, technically, proof that any infringements of the law were planned. The way the Institute grew, the gradual takeover of practically every house on the square, was in fact a highly complicated affair that would take too long to describe. But business concerns established in Vaduz (the capital of the independent principality of Lichtenstein) with Communist funds, were gradually dissolved and transferred to

Vienna, and re-established under the name of "Estate Co. Ltd." It is the Estate Co., with the help of a travel agency of its own called "Josefstadt," that makes all preparations for Communist-influenced conferences throughout the world.

The men who run the WCP give it an international flavor. British scientist Professor John D. Bernal has been president of the Council for many years; M. Yves Cholière, a leading French Communist, succeeded Ferdinand de Vigne in Vienna three years ago. The Indian delegate Chita Banjan Bisvas was until recently in charge of the coordination of WCP activities with those of camouflaged front organizations in many countries, but whether he still has that function is not certain. A Sudanese, Ahmed Mohammed Kheir, was until recently in charge of liaison with Communist parties and nationalist movements throughout Africa, but he has now defected to Peking and works in the subsidiary organization, "Bureau for Peace in the Pacific Area," which is now entirely under Peking control. One leading secretarial post has always been held by a Russian.

The International Institute for Peace also leads some kind of independent existence under the world presidency of Pastor James Endicott of Canada. Officially, the Institute has "nothing to do with politics"; it is a scientific organization for the furtherance of the cause of peace. But since Pastor Endicott is a member of the presidium of the WCP and the entire staff of IIP is at any time liable to be found wearing its WCP hat rather than its IIP headgear, it will be simpler all around if we stick with the name, World Council for Peace.

Peace a la Kremlin

All non-Communist peoples know perfectly well what they mean by the word "peace." But only students of Communist dialectics are aware that, in Communist terminology, "peace" means the condition that will exist at some future time when international Communism rules the globe. Since the whole world will then be united under the same rule, war will be impossible. The furtherance of peace consequently means the advancement of the Communist cause.

What is the actual political record of the World Council for Peace? In 1948: the WCP supported the Soviet Union against Yugoslavia. In 1949: massive propaganda support for North Korea. From 1956 on: no word of sympathy for the Hungarian freedom fighters, no word of sympathy for Tibet; justification of the erection of the Berlin Wall. During the Cuba crisis, the WCP mounted a world-

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wide campaign against the United States, which included a blast by Professor Bernal to the UN Security Council in which he accused President Kennedy of illegal action. In 1962: at a WCP conference in Stockholm, Mr. James Endicott (as reported in the *Canadian Tribune*, Nov. 12) said, referring to the Indo-Chinese border conflict: "Nehru is 100 per cent the aggressor without a shred of right on his side."

The objectives of the World Council for Peace have been thrashed out at many conferences in many cities. They are: to weaken or destroy the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, to increase Communist influence on the African continent, and the Communist penetration of Latin America. Where NATO is concerned, two other well-known front organizations work closely with WCP: the World Trades Union (WTU), and the International Federation of Resistance Fighters (FIR). The main propaganda targets in Europe picked by WCP last year were West Germany, Spain, Portugal and Greece, and to this end peace marches, disarmament demonstrations, anti-Fascist conferences and strikes were discussed and decided upon. It is difficult to determine to what extent the peace movements in England (CND, Committee of 100, etc.) are Communist-infiltrated. It is perfectly clear, though, that in spite of the considerable nuisance value of those organizations, their ultimate effectiveness in terms of altering of government policy was nil. At least so long as the Tories were in power. All the same there is ample evidence that the WCP has been in close touch with peace organizations in Britain and has rendered them active assistance.

The "peace" picture in the United States is kaleidoscopic. According to the official bulletin of the WCP (February 1964) more than a hundred groups or committees are already in action. It would of course be a gross distortion of the facts to maintain that every society which pursues the cause of peace under whatever title (nonviolence, anti-war, reconciliation, etc.) is, knowingly or otherwise, either led or infiltrated by Moscow. This year's Easter march on New York's Washington Square, for example, was formed by groups working directly under the Communist World Council for Peace, as well as by others having absolutely no connection with the WCP. The following organizations, however, are regularly mentioned in the official bulletins of the WCP: *Women Strike for Peace* (WSP), about which more later; *Women's International League for Peace and Freedom,* (led by Mrs. Elise Boulding, 820 E. Washington Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.); *Women for Peace; Movement for Civil Rights; American Negro League; University Committee on the Problems of War and Peace* (59th St., NYC); *Committee for International Peace Actions* (174, 15th Ave., San Francisco, Cal., led by Dr. Carlton Goodlett); *National Information Clearing House* (1822 Mass. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C.).

UN Lobbying

WSP is one of the most important of these organizations. It has a separate identity under the direction of Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, but is also responsible for the National Information Clearing House, which, as its name suggests, acts as a coordinating body for peace groups in the United States. Through the Clearing House and WSP, related U.S. organizations of this kind have a specific task, which is to lobby within the UN and use any means to influence delegates. This work is under the direction of Miss Helen Frumin, WSP's accredited observer at the United Nations (WCP minutes dated 30 October 1963). It was decided last fall in Vienna that "work" at the United Nations must be intensified, particularly where the Afro-Asiatic group is concerned. In this connection a conference of the *Association of Democratic Lawyers* met in Budapest at the beginning of April. Four hundred delegates from 64 countries were present. The real work of the conference went on behind the scenes, in committee, where the conference leaders bent their minds to working out *legal* ways and means of mounting a serious attack on the Western concept of international law. By influencing the Afro-Asian group within the United Nations, Communist legal experts hope that it will gradually be possible to force their rule of law on the rest of the world.

A leading WCP expert on African affairs is Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett, who also heads the *Committee for International Peace Actions* in San Francisco. Last September Dr. Goodlett led a study group, consisting of representatives from Russia, Great Britain, Italy and other countries, on a tour of the African continent for the purpose of setting up peace committees. At the conclusion of his trip Dr. Goodlett reported in person to the WCP presidential conference in Vienna. He also took part in a meeting of the WCP general council in Warsaw at the beginning of December 1963 and of the presidential conference in Budapest in April. It almost goes without saying that the battle for influence on the African continent has to be concentrated on university students: this work is largely in the coordinating hands of the *International Union of Students,* with its headquarters in Prague. The IUS, with the *World Federation of Democratic Youth* (HQ in Budapest), organize those well-known Communist youth festivals which take place every three years in various parts of the world. Together, they were also responsible for the Latin American Youth Congress held in Santiago de Chile in March.

At the end of June the Second All-Christian Peace Conference was held in Prague, and hundreds of delegates attended from all parts of the world. A great number, perhaps the majority of these men and women, went to Prague in all good faith, and it would be an impertinence to suggest that they should not have done so, if only they had gone with their eyes open. But the life of the Christian churches in Communist-ruled countries is as fraught with difficulty as ever it was, and to attend this conference in the belief that the eastern European clergymen present were free men acting under the sole authority of their bishops, was naive in the extreme. The Prague meeting was Communist-organized; it was affiliated with the World Council for Peace, and the East European clergy who attended were civil servants, taking their orders from government departments for religious affairs. The lot of their brothers who did not make their peace with Communism is prison, labor camp, or death. For these last members of the silent churches, as for the Communists, there can be no peace short of total victory.

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African Affairs

As Nigeria Goes

ELSPETH HUXLEY

If Britain's new government inherited a major crisis in Rhodesia, they've since done everything they could to make it worse. Just before the British election Mr. Ian Smith, the Prime Minister, went home to Salisbury believing he'd got Sir Alec Home's agreement to the referendum he proposed, to sound out African opinion on the independence of Rhodesia under its present white government. Within three days of Mr. Wilson's team taking over, he was disillusioned. Both Mr. Arthur Bottomley, the Labor Commonwealth Relations Secretary, *and* Sir Alec's shadow cabinet repudiated the agreement, and Mr. Bottomley went out of his way to insult Mr. Smith by refusing even to stop off for discussions at Salisbury on his way to celebrate the independence of Zambia, former Northern Rhodesia, and former partner with Mr. Smith's Rhodesia in the defunct Central African Federation.

Elspeth Huxley

Meanwhile the chiefs and headmen representing, according to Mr. Smith, or not representing, according to Mr. Bottomley, Rhodesia's 3.5 million Africans said "yes" unanimously to Mr. Smith's proposals for the full independence of the country, which has been all-but-independent since 1923 under white rule, but now has a franchise likely to produce a majority of African voters within a period variously estimated at from eight to twelve years.

By the time this reaches print, either Rhodesia will have declared its unilateral independence in defiance of awful warnings from London about treason, trade disasters and the dispatch of troops from Britain; or, much more likely, the browbeaten Mr. Smith will have given in, with or without some face-saving formula. Either way, the order and economy of Africa, that's cracking like an ice-floe almost everywhere, will show another deep fissure.

Rhodesia's healthily balanced economy (minerals and tobacco) has been steadily expanding, and with it employment for a growing population. More schools and hospitals and roads and light industries have hitherto been opening up, the whole thing ticking over. Now whites are leaving just as fast as they can. The tall office blocks of Salisbury are three parts empty, and disgruntled blacks stand around on street corners out of jobs or heaving bricks at people's cars. Such are the joys of political progress. Well, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. The question is, when you've chucked out the eggshells what sort of yolk is left? Or should you spell it yoke, as in Ghana?

Cracks in the ice-floe: in the Congo, Tshombe struggling with desperate patience and grossly inadequate forces to restore some semblance of order in a country as disintegrated as were the British Isles when ravaged by marauding bands of Danes and Vikings after the departure of the Romans. In Tanganyika, Chinese arms and trained guerrillas arriving to equip and organize "refugees" from Portuguese Mozambique into a National Liberation Army, intended to invade and terrorize Mozambique and spread a Mau Mau situation in one of the last areas of white rule. In the Sudan a widespread revolt, in which are queerly mixed Nasserite ambitions and Negro hatred of the Arabs, which has toppled General Abboud's military government.

Three bloody, beastly wars in progress at this moment, played down for all they're worth by independent African states theoretically, though far from practically, united under the Organization for African Unity, while the United States and Britain look the other way. Probably that's about all they can do now gunboats and marines are out and the Afro-Asian bandwagon looks as if it might have empty seats next to the driver.

There are brighter spots. The newest African state of Zambia, independent on October 24 last, enjoys under its attractive leader Dr. Kenneth Kuanda the stability which comes of inheriting the richest copper mines in the world and the soundest budgetary position in independent Africa. The change-over from colonial rule to independence has been well and amicably managed on both sides. And a way has been picked around the major stumbling-block, that of the British South Africa Company's mineral royalties. The Company's claim to these large payments was legally impeccable but morally doubtful. By agreeing to pay $6 million towards a lump-sum compensation, provided the British Treasury would match the sum (which it did), Dr. Kuanda's new government showed common sense and moderation. Everyone got something, even the shareholders; and law prevailed.

Economic Stability

The impressive stability of West Africa, on the surface anyway, is based partly on a legacy of French influence, expertise, cash and political theory, partly on the grip of strong leaders like Sékou Touré, Modibo Keita, Léopold Senghor and Nkrumah, and partly on the steadying influence of that African giant, the Federation of Nigeria.

With a population larger than Britain's and nearly one-third of that of the United States, rocketing upwards at the rate of nearly three million a year, Nigeria is by far the largest and most powerful of the independent African states. (Ghana has only about seven million, Ethiopia about 22 million). Four separate Regions, each with its own government and with a population larger than that of many independent nations, are at present joined in a Federation whose influence has hitherto been, relatively speaking, on the side of common sense, realism and moderation.

Is this the result of an accident of enlightened leadership? To a sound and diversified economy? (Palm oil,

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peanuts, cocoa, cotton and now oil, all in impressive quantities.) To longer and better British training before the hand-over? Or to what?

Probably to a combination of all those factors. Split into Regions and tribes traditionally hostile and aggressive, split also by religion into a predominantly Muslim North and Christian or pagan West and East, Nigeria entered independence four years ago with a good many gloomy forebodings. Few people thought that a unity imposed on a reluctant people by the departing colonialists would long survive. But it has, and to the skill and personality of the Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, must go a lot of the credit. He has held Nigeria together. Will he go on doing so? In December, Nigeria goes to the polls for the first full-scale general election since just after independence was proclaimed.

The crust of Nigerian unity is very thin and there are ominous cracks just under the surface. There's been a plethora of plots, counter-plots, *coups,* Borgian intrigues and treason trials, one of which removed the ex-Premier of the powerful and populous Western Region, Chief Awolowo, to a long term of imprisonment, while another unpredictably involved a British lecturer in economics from Leeds University who was caught trying to escape over the Dahomey border in robes and turban, disguised as a Muslim.

Nigerian Malaise

So deep is the *malaise* in public life that the Federation's President, Dr. Nmande Azikewe, administered to his people recently one of the most blistering tongue-lashings that can ever have issued from a national leader. Listing as his country's enemies not, for a change, wicked colonialists but "tribalism, nepotism, perfidy, bribery and corruption," he protested that "the personality of our nation becomes decomposed and stinks," its "will stifled and immolated," its "prestige dwindled to vanishing point." All this is due, he says, to the iniquity of politicians whom he trounces as "a crooked, double-faced, double-tongued scourge of the human race," who delight in "beating the tom-tom of tribal hatred and fouling the air of God with vituperations," carrying their personal vendettas to the point where "private armies are said to be organized in order to liquidate political opponents."

All this is a kind of barrage laid down before the general election due this month. Since the achievement of independence in 1960, the ruling party in the federal House of Representatives has been the Northern Peoples' Party, led by Sir Abubakar and drawing its support mainly from the Moslem Northern Region, where over half the population lives. In opposition, federally, have been the National Congress of Nigeria Citizens, in the main a party of the Ibo-speaking Eastern Region led by Dr. Okpara, and the Action Group founded by the now incarcerated Chief Awolowo and led by Chief Akintola, who is also Premier of the predominantly Yoruba Western Region. These two parties, with lesser fry, have now joined forces, in a mighty effort to dislodge the NPC, as the United Progressive Grand Alliance, under the leadership of Dr. Michael Okpara—a genuine, or "medical," doctor with a reputation for being one of the most competent, balanced and unruffled of Nigerian leaders.

Importance of Election

The outcome of this election is of great importance to the West. Despite presidential diatribes, Nigeria remains the African giant who exerts a powerful influence among the other 34 independent states. Hitherto this influence has been exerted, on the whole, on the side of common sense, moderation and economic stability. There's been no whoring after Peking gods or sitting at the feet of President Nasser; non-alignment has more or less meant what it said. Nigerian troops called to other countries have been conspicuous for their efficiency and restraint. And Nigeria has remained democratic in its general structure. There is no one-party state. This will be a pretty genuine election. Certainly there'll be bribery and intimidation, and widespread disorders are feared, but the voters will be offered a genuine choice rather than a set of stooges.

To what extent Nigeria's stability is threatened by the anti-NPC line-up of the hotch-potch UPGA no one outside Nigerian politics can assess with any confidence. Dr. Okpara is no firebrand; he could be a front. Some of his followers have castigated Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa's government as "too pro-West" and Dr. Okpara has himself talked about dismembering the giant into 25 separate pieces, rather than the present four. The NPC has accused the opposition of wishing to destroy the country by supporting reactionary tribal movements which have always been the underlying danger, and to whose sublimation Sir Abubakar, a considerable statesman by any standards, has devoted all his skill and energies. This election could undo in a week what has taken four years of careful, patient effort to create, the beginnings of Nigerian unity. The effects on the rest of Africa might well be catastrophic. At least Nigerian leaders realize this, and it's to be hoped that to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Two by von Dreele

The "Shouldn't We Talk With the Chinese?" Talk

When Louis XV reigned, balloons
Amused the Court on afternoons,
Suspended over heated air,
Balloonists sought the royal stare
The way a Moslem faces East—
Until the heated vapors ceased.
Today, reactions seem to be
Related to the bourgeoisie.
Moreover, it's a *trial* balloon
For papers in the afternoon.
Familiar with a trial balloon?
They're flying, friends, and, fairly soon,
(The way the entrails look to me)
We'll color them Catastrophe.

Long-Range Planning

Like Brutus in the Forum;
  Like Grant in '64;
Like Catherine, when she stained St.
  Bartholemew with gore;
Like Hannibal at Cannae;
  Like Wellington in Spain;
Like Henry, when he ordered
  The ax for Lady Jane;
Like Lenin when he clobbered
  The dirty Mensheviks—
That's what's ahead for Rocky
  In 1966.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Paradox of the Marxist Philosopher

A distinguished scholar reminds us of the totalism of Marxist designs on human thought, on philosophy, speculation, art, literature, life

THOMAS MOLNAR

An enormous literature has been devoted to the subject of the intellectuals' subservience to Communism and to Communist parties in Russia and elsewhere. From Victor Serge to Arthur Koestler and Whittaker Chambers a first batch of sensitively written, partly autobiographical, partly fictionalized reports emerged from the Western intellectuals' anguished minds, describing how, after a voyage through hell, they rejected a god that failed. Then a second batch came off the presses, starting perhaps with Czeslaw Milosz' *The Captive Mind* to Douglas Hyde's report on his own break with the party and its ideology; and since the Budapest uprising this growing literature has been enriched by analyses of political, social, and cultural nature, no longer limited to one man's odyssey but, as in the case of Djilas' *The New Class* and *The Revolt of the Mind* by the two Hungarians, Aczel and Meray, enlarged to embrace the entire mechanism of the Communist power structure.

This is, then, a literature at mid-century which could be labeled: Disillusionment with Communism. But the works illustrating it have, with few exceptions, one thing in common: they remain on the level of the *intellectuals' experience*. Their inner rhythm is that of *hope* (to find a way out of bourgeois-capitalist selfishness), *suffering* (because of the knowledge of new and possibly worse horrors inside the Communist system), and, finally, *emergence* (with a more or less confused and wounded consciousness of what happened). We recognize in these three stations the structure of great Western literary works in whose molds the ex-fellow traveler's experience automatically finds the most convenient expression. But the very fascination of the experience and the search for its expression hide from the narrator some of the even more fundamental reasons why his quest miscarried.

We have been so concerned for the past thirty years with the drama that was playing between the intellectual and Communism that we almost entirely neglected what I would now call the "paradox of the Marxist philosopher." It is not surprising that, however much explored, the drama I just referred to reveals itself in a sequence of acts. It was only a few years ago that magazines like *Encounter* and *Esprit* published an anonymous piece on "socialist realism" in Russian literature which went to the depth of the Soviet creative writer's plight. The revelations contained in that essay were entirely new to the educated Western public which only then began to understand the mechanism of party control over literature, the grotesqueness of mass-produced dithyrambs to Soviet life, and the degree of forced prostitution of Soviet authors.

It should not be surprising, therefore, that little attention has so far been paid to professional Communist *philosophers* (as distinct from *intellectuals*) and to the self-contradictions of their philosophical enterprise. And I do not refer to the great figures only, like Marx, Engels, Lenin, Plekhanov, etc., but also to the lesser breed, and also to contemporary ones in England, France, Poland, and Germany.

Marx's World of Science

What is the object of philosophy as defined by Karl Marx? His XIth thesis on Feuerbach has often been stated: not the interpretation but the transformation of the world. This transformation of the world of outer reality is called *work*[1] done by collectively organized effort. In other words, the social system must change if the transformation is to be meaningful and radical; then the reflection of outer reality on inner consciousness will be reliable; the mind will not receive mere *impressions*, that is, reality screened by class control, illusions, and mystifications, but photographic *imprints* which reproduce reality with absolute faithfulness. Instead of religion, law, art, etc., all of which are attempts at presenting a dismal social reality in a flattering, beautiful, acceptable way, we will have *science* showing us the world

as it is, without false and alluring embellishments. As Marx wrote in *The Misery of Philosophy*: "To the extent that history marches forward and the struggle of workers is more clearly outlined, they need not seek science in their minds, but only realize what goes on before their eyes."

For Marx, the world as he finds it is in an "un-philosophical condition" (by which he really means "unscientific"), because it is *un*knowable due to bourgeois-capitalist mystification. But it would be equally wrong for the true philosopher merely to dispel these illusions which have beclouded the minds of men and work out a new system of explanations starting from actual data; the true philosopher must definitively liberate the earth from the rule of philosophy itself; he must become a positivist, an empirical scientist, dealing not with images of reality but with reality itself.[2]

1. "What is life," asks Marx, "if not activity? . . . All human activity has always been work, that is industry." *National-ökonomie und Philosophie*). Only in work does man realize himself objectively since in work "he does not become *ideally* double but *really* in active life." (*Idem*).
2. See on the subject Kostas Papaioannou, "La Fondation du Marxisme," *Le Contrat Social*, janvier-février 1962. (Part II).

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This basic reality is, of course, nature, and when man is engaged in action he does not so much modify nature from a point external to it as he obeys his own essence. "Man," writes Marx, "creates objects only insofar as the object-world has created him, and because he too is part of nature." Capitalism which has made of work a means of survival and has, thus, alienated man from his work, denies this consubstantiality of man and nature; the total reconstruction of "natural man" will be achieved only by Communist society.

Everything must tend towards this total reconstruction, just as everything must now be subsumed under the category of work. Saint-Simon preached in the *Catéchisme des industriels* that all spiritual power should be handed to eminent scientists and artists who would "apply knowledge to satisfy the needs of men." Lenin specified (in *The State and Revolution*) that "literature cannot remain an individual activity, independent of the proletarian cause. Down with the non-party literature! . . . Literature must become a little wheel in the great social-democratic mechanism. . . . Literature must become an integral part of organized, methodic, and unified work of the party."

Burial of 'Illusions'

We see then that totalitarianism is not a mere technique of domination invented by the Bolshevik party and applied to the Soviet state, but a doctrinal necessity inscribed in Marxist theory. And it does not point to domination over man only, but also over his activities—mental, spiritual, creative, and technical endeavors. Totalitarian organization of these is the *sine qua non* of restoring man to a direct relationship with nature. In the light of this ideal the present civilization—and all civilization based on exploitation—seems paltry indeed. All institutions must be destroyed since they are nothing but monuments to man's alienation; with them, all spiritual and intellectual achievements will be buried too, since they remind man of his futile efforts to break his real chains with the help of illusions. It is true that some Marxists, like Trotsky for example, believe that "with the sublimation of political struggles" more opportunity will be available for struggle "for one's opinion and one's taste," resulting in "constructions which also include art"[3]; but the view generally prevails that there will be no need for intellectual activities as we know them today. Alexandre Kojève writes, for example, that in the Hegelian-Marxist theory the philosopher is no longer obliged to search for wisdom since wisdom is finally concretized. Action and contemplation are reconciled, history has reached its end.[4]

It is important to realize that there is a kind of logical chain reaction from the abolition of the State to the absorption of all creative and critical acts in *work* and what is called by the Marxists *science*. Kojève himself points out that when action and contemplation will be reconciled, "there will be nothing else to do, and the only thing one will fear is to be bored."[5] Bakunin wrote that the State must become again simply "society," it must "dissolve itself into society, freely, in accordance with justice."[6] Political relations will yield to social relations freely entered upon, without compulsion by law, based only on "needs and natural affinities."[7] As Professor Tucker writes, taking the tenth thesis on Feuerbach as a starting point, "socialized humanity is not only a classless, but also a stateless, lawless, family-less, religion-less and generally structureless collectivity of complete individuals who live in harmony with themselves, with each other, and with the anthropological nature outside them."[8]

As certain organs become biologically superfluous, so will, under these circumstances, the speculative faculty of man become socially superfluous. By Trotsky's rapturous description, in the new society's restaurants and schools, and even in its laundries, culture will be absorbed like "albumen and sunshine," while individual egoism will turn its attention to the betterment of the human race. But in the entire Marxist literature it is taken for granted that this betterment is predicated upon the emergence of the *un-problematic man* whose knowledge is absolute and who discards all the subtle but subversive value-judgments. Where speculation ends, Marx wrote in *The German Ideology*, real positive science begins. Empty talk about consciousness ceases, and real knowledge takes its place. When reality is depicted, philosophy as an independent branch of activity loses its medium of existence.

An End to Philosophy

Simply stated, the Marxist philosopher is laboring at the abolition of his own branch of activity, namely speculation. Every step he takes must be directed, theoretically, at getting nearer a condition for mankind where philosophy will no longer be needed, just as the Soviet writer is ordered by the party to write novels without those "futile" sentimentalities which supposedly preoccupy the bourgeois only. The greatest philosopher would, presumably, be the one who could, in one sentence, demonstrate the futility of philosophizing; the same sentence would serve as a bridge toward the ideal science which would show us the real world, without the intermediary of thought processes, hypotheses, and mental categories.

It would be an error to imagine that Marx merely rebelled against the Kantian idealism of his time; I have shown above that the condition of man's transformation is that he becomes, as it were, one with nature and abolishes anything that may

3. *Literature and Revolution*, p. 230.
4. Quoted by A. Patri, "Dialectique du maître et de l'esclave," *Le Contrat Social*, juillet-août 1961, p. 235.
5. A. Kojève, "Le dernier monde nouveau," *Critique*, août-sept. 1956.
6. *Federalism, Socialism, Antitheologism*, p. 56.
7. *Idem*, p. 16.
8. R. Tucker, *Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx*, p. 201.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (December 1)

(M. Stanton) Evans

THE PAMPHLETEERS RETURN

This year's best-selling political books are . . . nowhere to be found on the commercial booklists, in Publisher's Weekly, or on the New York Times list of most-demanded books. In official circles, the smash books of 1964 don't exist; they exist only for the millions of readers who have bought them.

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stand between him and reality. For Hegel, the only reality was the Absolute Spirit; for his disciple who made the Hegelian system "stand on its feet," reality was Nature, a more manipulable object than the Absolute Spirit, and hence more useful for a theory of the human condition based on work and science.

The Individual Is Meaningless

How fundamental a concept *nature* is as a substitute for *philosophy,* is shown in the writings of contemporary Marxist philosophers. In fact, it may be said that the watershed separating those thinkers who have remained members of *Communist* parties and those who have left is this problem: does philosophy have an authentic existence or not? More perhaps than the revelations of the 20th Party Congress or the Budapest insurrection, it is this issue over which Communist philosophers have confronted each other and the party; those who opted for the independent *raison d'être* of philosophy usually gave up their party membership.

In Marxist thought there is a coincidence between nature and human nature: it is only a historic accident, namely exploitative economic systems, that the second was detached, separated from the first (the "original sin" in Marxist interpretation), and that an independent meditation on the human condition replaced the happy unity. But there is a second coincidence also: between nature and the human collectivity: the individual as such is meaningless, it cannot serve as a measuring rod for the degree of accomplishment of history. Only the collectivity has, strictly speaking, a history, an existence, a meaningful collaboration with nature. Thus the proletariat, or later the Communist society, is the personification of what is valid, the personification of philosophy, or rather, of its abolition. The proletariat assumes not only the role of the paramount historical Personality, it assumes also the function of thinking! "'Communism has solved the enigma of history!" wrote Marx triumphantly.

What is characteristic in this thought is that it tends towards its own annihilation, or as the Marxists put it, its "dialectical negation": to be sure, philosophy has a service to render, it must show man to himself and teach him the modalities of criticizing the conditions among which he lives (and which are responsible for his alienation). The ultimate goal, however, is different. Philosophy will have accomplished its task when it finally negates itself, that is transcends itself in action, and yields its function to practical energy. "In order to materialize," writes Henri Lefebvre, prominent Marxist theoretician, "philosophy must deny itself, because, if it is sincere, then it wills its own transformation into something else. . . . Criticism in itself, no matter how radical, changes man's real chains of oppression into ideal chains, and destroys them in theory only."[9]

The fate of philosophy as a cognitive instrument is attached to the vicissitudes of historical classes and their conflicts, and ultimately to the proletariat, which is called upon to terminate history and with it philosophy too. Thus Lefebvre is justified in Marxist terms, when he speaks interchangeably of "Communism" and of "philosophy": "Communism is defined as a movement and consciousness of movement advancing towards the highest conceivable form of social organization. It puts an end to the quarrel among men, and between him and nature, between existence and essence, reification and self-affirmation, freedom and necessity, individual and species. It solves, in theory and practice, all these contradictions . . . and it is aware that it solves them . . . Thus philosophy becomes actualized by suppressing itself, and by suppressing its problems as well as the terms of these problems. . . . Philosophy turns into the world of reality . . . It ceases to exist."[10]

Texts like this proliferate in the writings of Marx and Engels. After having explained Hegel's dialectic method, Marx noted in *Das Kapital:* "[In my method] the ideal is nothing else than the material world reflected by the human mind and translated into forms of thought." This is true of (philosophical) materialism also, which disappears not because it is false as materialism, but because it is useless as a philosophy. Materialism itself is reabsorbed, as Lefebvre states, in an anthropology, "that is, in an ensemble of human sciences. . . . Total man and total society are closely linked concepts because they have the same content: total praxis."

"Total praxis" appears as the conclusion of the Soviet philosopher A. Bogdanov's *tectology* (or science of the earth) too. Bogdanov, like Hegel and implicitly Marx, divides history into three stages. "The third main stage in history is that of the collective self-sufficient economy and the fusion of personal lives into one colossal whole, harmonious in the relations of its parts, systematically grouping all elements for one common struggle —the struggle against the endless spontaneity of nature. . . . It demands the forces not of man but of mankind —and only in working at this task does mankind as such emerge. All ideological forms, including philosophy and the sciences, merge at this stage into one universal organizational science."

Society of the Future

We have seen that Bakunin believed that in the society of the future political relations will dissolve and yield to "social relations." The concept "political relations" means, in this context, that society is organized by a class of exploiters according to a system and an image of man which this class finds convenient to propose. Law, police, military forces, but also art, literature, the Churches are expressions of this system and serve, in-

9. "Retour à Marx," in *Cahiers Internationaux de Sociologie,* 1958.
10. *Ibid.*

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directly, its purposes. "Social relations," on the other hand, point to the abolition of all systems of government ("structureless collectivity," as Professor Tucker calls it) and the spontaneous emergence of "natural" relations among men, along the lines of their "real" needs (as Proudhon imagined in his early period) and, as Bakunin wrote, their "natural affinities." Thus the concept of social relations in Marxist language describes a society in which philosophy has become superfluous since *nature*, namely a domesticated nature (see Bogdanov above) will determine relationships between man and his fellows. "In a fully developed Communist society," wrote Bukharin in *Historical Materialism*, "all relations between men will be obvious to each and the social volition will be the organization of all their wills. It will not be a resultant, obtained by elemental accident, independent of the will of the individual, but a consciously organized social decision. . . . It will be impossible to observe social phenomena whose effect on the majority of the population will be harmful and ruinous."

The 'Revisionist' Trend

So-called "Marxist Revisionism" has not changed the basic commitment of the Marxist philosopher to the abolition of his discipline. Revisionism started not because Marxists became aware of this contradiction (those who did, ceased to be Marxists, like Pierre Fougeyrollas or Edgar Morin), but because most of Marx's predictions did not materialize; specifically, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few super-capitalists and the general pauperization of the working classes. Nor did the "capitalist" Western powers collapse as a result of war with Nazi Germany—a "civil war among capitalist nations," as Communist writers called it—or under the blows of the Soviet Union and world Communism. A readjustment of philosophy became imperative in order to explain, if not the inadequacies of Marxist doctrine in its practical aspects, at least the *delay* in the timetable of global Communist conquests.

The "revisionist" trend leads inevitably away from the later, mature Marx (the economist) and back to the young Marx of the so-called "early manuscripts" (1844). Like all reformers, the revisionists want to return to the origins.

The result, however, is either pure verbalism, or the reaffirmation of the anti-philosophical position one way or another; what the revisionists are attacking is not Marx—that is, the core of the doctrine—but the present party functionaries, official guardians of the doctrine. In *political* terms this may or may not be a healthy and effective movement, aimed at splitting the ruling orthodoxy (although within each Communist State the party remains the undisputed fount of verity and no anti- or non-Marxist position is tolerated); but in *philosophical* terms "revisionist" criticism is irrelevant. It is irrelevant because whatever the Marxist philosopher's position is *vis-à-vis* the party bureaucracy, at best he believes that Communist society has suffered a temporary setback (attributable to the "personality cult," to "tactical errors," to the "anti-party clique," to Stalin's suppression of "socialist democracy," etc.), but not an invalidating defeat. Whether Communist society materializes tomorrow or in the more distant future, is not the decisive problem; it *must* materialize on the bases and for the reasons explored and predicted by Marx.

The whole position of contemporary Marxist philosophy is perhaps best summarized by the East German thinker Jürgen Habermas: "Philosophy starts by reflecting on the position in which it finds itself; it proceeds therefore from the alienation which it at once experiences and from an awareness of the practical necessity for the alienation to be overcome. Thus consciousness rises to the level of self-consciousness where philosophy sees itself as an expression of the very situation which has to be annulled and henceforward makes the aim of its critical practice criticism by practice. It knows that it is working towards the abolition of itself *qua* philosophy to the extent that it is endeavoring to realize its own immanent existence. Such criticism leaves . . . the stage of contemplation. It has seen through the façade of its own autonomy by which it has been led to believe that it is able both to prove and to realize itself."[11]

For the Proletariat

The philosophy of Communism, then, is not meant, like traditional philosophy, to be a perpetual search for the meaning of human destiny, nor a permanent reflection on the condition of man and his relationship to God, but, first, an instrument of victory for the proletariat (and for the classless society) and, second, a historical record of the existence and of the abolition of alienation, of the state, and of philosophy itself. The critic of Communist philosophy is thus entitled to say that insofar as it is considered an instrument, it is not philosophy but *ideology*, that is, as Engels defined ideologies in a letter to Mehring, a "false consciousness." Insofar as it is an ephemeral activity, coincident with certain stages of economic development but not with other stages, and insofar as it yields to "class - consciousness,"[12] Communist philosophy denies itself and abolishes its own universe of discourse.

11. "Zur philosophischen Diskussion um Marx und den Marxismus," in *Philosophische Rundschau* (1957), quoted by *Revisionism*, Leopold Labedz editor, pp. 347-48.
12. According to G. Lukacs, the disappearance of philosophy is marked by the emergence of class-consciousness, which takes its place and function.

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

(Continued from p. 1096)

ought to be and then calls on men and governments to bring it about. If the political leader moves too far ahead of the mass, contact is broken and he is isolated. *Can* President Johnson decide on that sort of expansion of the Vietnam war that might defeat the Communist plan for conquest of Southeast Asia? If the people of this country will not support the vast effort that would be needed, if for them it would be a vile, useless war like the war of the French army in Algeria, then a decision by the President could not be effective. Let us therefore not condemn Lyndon Johnson too quickly for his failure to decide, for his continued temporizing half-measures. The failure, like so many others in the world struggle of our epoch, is our own as well as our leaders'. It is almost true to say that we have the leaders we deserve.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Supreme Court and Edmund Burke

Even though the Supreme Court of these United States was born merely a few years before Edmund Burke died, that statesman said much which applies to the curious conduct of the Court in recent years. This point is made by Mr. C. P. Ives, of the *Baltimore Sun*, in a lively and learned essay called "Edmund Burke and the Legal Order."

Kirk

This pertinent study is to be found in a symposium - volume just published, *The Relevance of Edmund Burke* (Kennedy). This book has a foreword by Dr. Louis I. Bredvold and a summary by your servant. Inside its covers are three other valuable essays which every student of Burke's thought and career ought to read: Dr. Peter J. Stanlis on "Edmund Burke in the Twentieth Century," Father Francis Canavan on "Burke as a Reformer," and Professor Ross Hoffman on "Burke as a Practical Politician." Copies ($3.95) may be obtained directly from the volume's editor, Dr. Peter Stanlis, Department of English, the University of Detroit, McNichols Road, Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Ives makes it sufficiently clear that the present Court, or its majority, has discarded both the concept of natural law and the practice of judicial restraint. It has broken, moreover, with the respect for precedent which has been the whole foundation of the bed of justice in Britain and America.

So, naturally and necessarily, a clamor against "judicial usurpation" has arisen. As Mr. Ives puts it:

> These are storm signals of the very highest urgency—as Edmund Burke would have been among the first to recognize. "It is the public justice that holds the community together," he said in 1780. And not in derogation of that statement, but precisely, to fortify it, he added that "the judges are, or ought to be, of a *reserved* and retired character, and wholly unconnected with the political world." What Burke would have thought when justices of the highest court feel compelled to campaign, at least quasi-politically, in defense of their own prior decisions as judges, it is not hard to infer.

The Supreme Court Justice of recent decades whom Mr. Ives most frequently cites with favor is Justice Cardozo. As Cardozo wrote in a New York case, "Is the criminal to go free, because the constable has blundered?" Thus Cardozo would have opposed the Supreme Court's "bleeding heart" decision in *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961), as Burke would have opposed it.

Baker v. *Carr* (1962), the case by which the Supreme Court burst into "political questions" of legislative reapportionment, is even more clearly what Burke knew to be unwise and perilous judicial intervention in matters beyond the competence and authority of judges. Mr. Ives digests Burke's remarks on such consideration:

> "In every judgment given on a corporate right of great political importance," Burke had warned, ". . . the policy and prudence make no small part of the question. To these considerations a court of law is not competent; and indeed an attempt at the least intermixture of such ideas with the matter of law could have no other effect, than wholly to corrupt the judicial character of the court." Moreover, "I . . . never will cut [the constitution] in pieces and put it into the kettle of any magician, in order to boil it, with the puddle of their compounds, into youth and vigor. . . . It is not an arithmetical inequality with which we ought to trouble ourselves."

Such observations might well be written in 1964. In his introduction to this volume, Professor Bredvold reminds us that we impoverish ourselves if we cut ourselves off from the intellectual bank and capital of the ages; and this, I may add, is particularly true of jurisprudence, which is the winnowed experience of man seeking for justice.

"There is much cant in our day," Dr. Bredvold concludes, "to the effect that Burke, along with Plato and Dante and Milton and most other great men of the past, can no longer be meaningful to us because we live in a vastly different climate of opinion. There is much discussion as to whether or not the great figures of history are 'usable' in our modern world. This kind of alienation of ourselves from the past may indeed leave us poor in spirit and narrow in intelligence. We must 'look abroad into universality,' to use a phrase of Lord Bacon, else it is not only great men who lose their meaning for us, we lose any meaning for ourselves."

Mr. Ives quotes scholarly critic after scholarly critic of the Court—all of them fearing that the prestige of the Court, and the voluntary compliance which supports the Court, will be eroded by the present justices' arrogation of legislative authority. And here, too, Burke laid down an enduring principle: "If no certain laws, establishing invariable ground of hope and fear . . . keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end . . . [then] the commonwealth itself would, in a few generations, crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality."

Burke took his jurisprudence from Aristotle and Cicero, Justinian, the Schoolmen, Richard Hooker and Bishop Butler. The present Court takes it from twentieth-century sociologists—or perhaps twentieth-century demagogues. They have no rule of reason, no norms of justice.

There is a great gulf fixed between John Marshall, or Joseph Storey, or Benjamin Cardozo, and that politician-justice Earl Warren. Nowadays there is talk of even—don't laugh—Governor Pat Brown as a future justice. It has been a good while since this country had a President who knew aught of what a Supreme Court justice ought to be—let alone a President who (like Woodrow Wilson) knew his Burke.

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The Verdict of History

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

General Douglas MacArthur's *Reminiscences* have been glowingly praised, with the reservation being made in most places that they are the "raw material of history," not "history itself." The distinction implies that MacArthur was not an objective judge of the meaning of his own career. But nobody has yet pointed out where he went astray in his judgments, and with every bit of news from South Vietnam that slips past the Establishment's "management" machine, MacArthur looks more and more like the man who has pronounced history's verdict. We are still losing needlessly because we lack the will to win.

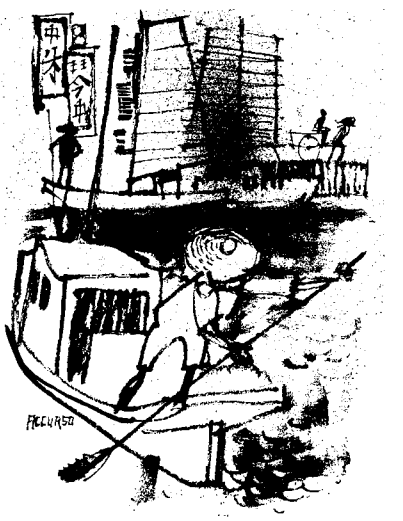
These reminiscences hit the high spots, and the prose is, on occasion, theatrical. But MacArthur understood the uses of theater; as he once put it, it is sometimes good to be "a bit of a ham" in order to convince large audiences. In any case, the importance of this book is that it blocks out some large truths in a bold way. It may be disappointing that the story of MacArthur's early years is sketchy, and that he eschews details about his personal life at all points (his first marriage, which ended in divorce, gets exactly one sentence). But surely a public character should be allowed to follow the formula adhered to in Albert Jay Nock's biographies of Jefferson and Henry George, sticking to the "public thing" and letting the nosey reader go whistle for what he will never get.

The truths that are blocked out in the *Reminiscences* go far beyond any purely military conception of strategy. But let us begin with MacArthur, the military man, before getting into the subject of "peace as the continuation of war by other means." As a soldier, MacArthur had a supreme contempt for stupidity. The real miracle of his career is that, unlike the gods of Goethe's pronouncement, he managed to contend against stupidity with some measure of success. He insisted on using his eyes and ears in World War I, and so achieved some local victories without spending the blood and guts of his men on the ubiquitous barbed wire that symbolized the most strategically stupid of our wars. Convinced that the World War I of the static trenches was insane, MacArthur, as Chief of Staff under Hoover and Roosevelt, sought to rebuild America's armed forces in terms of units capable of flanking and envelopment. He lacked the horses (metaphorical, of course) in the Philippines to do anything else but hole up in Bataan and Corregidor, but his concept of war as the art of grappling for the enemy's supply lines and communications and then cutting immobile troops to ribbons had its glorious innings all along the road from Australia to the recovery of the Philippines. The envelopment of the Communists by the maneuver at Inchon in the Korean War was just the icing on the cake.

Reminiscences, by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. McGraw-Hill. $6.95

All of this may now seem plain as a lamppost, but neither General George Marshall nor Admiral King ever managed to grasp the essence of the MacArthur strategy. They didn't even see the importance of letting MacArthur support the Navy's left flank. The Navy and the Marines hacked at coral rock by throwing human flesh against it, and lost more ships and planes at Okinawa than were destroyed in three years in the Southwest Pacific theater from Melbourne to Manila. MacArthur said, correctly, that the Japanese had lost the war once their supply lines to the oil and rubber of the Indies had been broken by the return of the Americans to the Philippines. Yet Marshall was still thinking of spending a million lives in an assault on the main islands of Japan instead of letting blockade and air power force the inevitable Japanese surrender.

There isn't room in a short review to tell of all the stupidities that MacArthur failed to stop. But one of them, the shipment of tons of American supplies in 1945 to Vladivostok, most of which were eventually used by the North Koreans and the Red Chinese against us, might be mentioned. MacArthur did manage to keep President Roosevelt from accepting the Navy's plan for a head-on



invasion of Formosa, which would have resulted in an even more bloody toll than Okinawa.

MacArthur's concepts always looked beyond war to peace. And he believed in striking for a peace that could be kept. He tried his best to convey to President Harry Truman that if Chinese imperialism was not stopped at the Yalu (where the bridges could so easily have been destroyed), it would break out in many other directions. He quoted Manuel Quezon, the first President of the Philippines, in vain. "My great fear," said Quezon in 1942, "is the

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Chinese. With their increasing militarism and aggressive tendency, they are the great Asiatic menace. They have no real ideologies, and when they reach the fructification of their military potential, I dread to think what may happen." An atom bomb, of course, could be dumped on the Philippines from any old crate taking off from the Chinese mainland.

Truman thought of MacArthur as "insubordinate" for stressing his views in a letter to Congressman Joe Martin. Maybe he was, technically speaking. But Truman would have been a greater President if he had considered that the West Point triad of "duty, honor, country" may require a man to speak out if he thinks his country's future is being thrown witlessly to the dogs.

THIS REVIEWER found the *Reminiscences* doubly fascinating because of a personal involvement in MacArthur's method of composition. As a literary aid to General Willoughby, some personal MacArthur items passed through my hands during the writing of a book called *MacArthur: 1941-1951*. MacArthur insisted that these be presented as third-person staff notes, which accomplished the miracle of MacArthur outside of his own skin to look at himself. Thus, in the Willoughby book, a mythical "eye-witness" watches MacArthur leaving Corregidor as follows:

"And then I saw him slowly raise his cap in salute, there in the twilight, as he glanced up through the smoky haze with its smell of death and the stench of destruction thick in the night air. And it seemed to me that I could see a sudden convulsive twitch in the muscles of his jaw, a sudden whitening in the bronze of his face. I said to the man next to me: 'What's his chance of getting through?' 'About one in five,' was the reply. And then the General's quiet voice as he stepped aboard the boat: 'You may cast off, Buck, when you are ready.'"

In the *Reminiscences* this passage reappears, put back into the first person as:

"The smell of filth thickened the night air. I raised my cap in farewell salute, and I could feel my face go white, feel a sudden, convulsive twitch in the muscles of my face. I heard someone ask, 'What's his chance, Sarge, of getting through?' and the gruff reply, 'Dunno. He's lucky. Maybe one in five.' I stepped aboard PT-41. 'You may cast off, Buck,' I said, 'when you are ready.'"

Much of the MacArthur *Reminiscences* was, in short, written before. MacArthur is probably the only ghost who ever ghosted for some unadmitted ghosts. This should be made known to future biographers, who may be interested in watching a mighty man of the pen improving on his first versions by simplifying them.

Christmas Picture Books

For the Eye's Delight

GUY DAVENPORT

THE BOOKSTORES are bright as ever this year with books fine enough to ransom a king or satisfy the most demanding of tastes or simply be what King Alfred would have called a *mathum,* or gift as gift, "something for which there is no immediate use," as J. R. R. Tolkien defines it, "but which one is unwilling to throw away." Fancifully illustrated texts of middling seriousness turn up with greater prominence than before. There is Carl Jung's *Man and His Symbols* (Doubleday $12.95) which is not by Jung (the preface is) but by a committee of his disciples, who have gathered some five hundred illustrations of archetypes and such. Louis MacNeice's *Astrology,* also from Doubleday ($9.95), is a similar book, and as hard a one to put down, if your eye is at all caught by mysteriously arranged pictures as disjunct as those of a magazine.

Practically any subject is considered eligible for this polychrome dressing up, and we find the thickly illustrated *Larousse Encyclopedia of Renaissance and Baroque Art* (Putnam's, $15.95) and *Larousse Encyclopedia of Modern History* (Harper & Row, $20). There's also the distinguished Italian critic Mario Praz's *An Illustrated History of Furnishing from the Renaissance to the Twentieth Century* (Braziller, $25), *The American Heritage History of World War I* (Simon and Schuster, $16.50), and Sacheverell Sitwell's *Great Palaces of Europe* (Putnam's, $19.95).

To turn to books of great beauty which are as good to read as to look at, one places highest for literate and eclectic friends Siegfried Giedion's spellbinding *The Beginnings of Architecture* (Pantheon, $12.50). This is volume two of Professor Giedion's reinterpretation of prehistoric art and the earliest buildings of mankind in Egypt and Sumeria. The first volume is still very much around, *The Beginnings of Art,* same price and publisher, and the two together are now called *The Eternal Present,* certainly a book of total captivation, by pictures and text, and one that will be remembered for decades by its first readers. Joseph Alsop's *From the Silent Earth* (Harper & Row, $7.50) is another example of a finely illustrated book with an engaging text. It is an account of Greek archeology in recent years. Beside which any superior bookstore will have placed Angelo Procopiou's *Athens* (Stein and Day, $12.50), as handsome a book as one is apt to find on that city. There are 119 illustrations, twenty-seven of them in excellent color.

ARCHEOLOGY seems to bring out the best in book-making, and there is a bounty of first-rate, scholarly, readable, lookable-at treatises on practically anything in the field. Pierre Montet's *Eternal Egypt,* translated by Doreen Weightman (World, $7.50), must be recommended, as well as Pierre Demargne's *The Birth of Greek Art* (Golden Press, $25). Erwin Panofsky's *Tomb Sculpture* (Abrams, $20) may be a bit professional for the amateur, but Panofsky is an incomparable scholar, buffs like nothing better than moving into the deep waters eventually, and the book is very beautiful. Leonard Palmer has brought his *Mycenaeans and Minoans* up to date (Knopf, $6.95); this is the authoritative news on the light that the decipherment of Linear B—the Cretan writing that has lain around driving scholars mad for half

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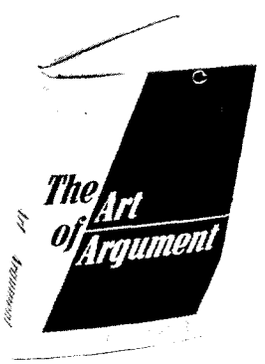
HOW TO ARGUE AND WIN!



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a century—is shedding on Greek early history. The squabbles and discoveries have come so thick and fast that Palmer's work, decidedly dry and witty, is as lively as a detective story.

To turn to the natural world, which always gets its share of the big gift books, we have Helen Cruikshank's *Thoreau on Birds* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95) and the amazingly beautiful *Birds of Arizona,* by Allan Phillips, Joe Marshall, and Gale Monson (University of Arizona Press, $15). The sixty-four color photographs are by Eliot Porter, the master of wildlife photography, and there are many field sketches by George Sutton. Laurence Richardson has made a study of the literary Concord river, and Katharine Knowles has illustrated it with some fine photographs indeed (*Concord River,* Barre, $5). Miss Knowles has also photographed Boston for the same publisher, and Walter Muir Whitehill has supplied the text (*Boston, Portrait of a City,* $4.95).

The Sierra Club of San Francisco can always be counted on to put incredibly good books under the Christmas tree, and among their offerings this year there is François Leydet's *Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon* ($20)—over a hundred color photographs. For a more modest look at the wilderness, there's Devereux Butcher's *Our National Parks in Color* (Clarkson Potter, $5.95), with 114 color-plates. While we're on the subject of the out-of-doors, we ought to note that the University of Oklahoma Press has added three new titles to its Civilization of the American Indian series: *Sentinels of the Rockies,* about the Shoshonis, by Virginia Cole Trenholm and Maurine Carley ($5.95); *Navaho Medicine Man and Sand Painter,* about one Hosteen Klah, by Franco Johnson Newcomb ($5.95); and *A Cheyenne Sketchbook,* by Cohoe, with commentary by Adamson Hoebel and Karen Peterson ($4.95). And for animal fans, this prize: Ernest P. Walker's *Mammals of the World,* with 1,800 pictures. There are three volumes, but the first two are the pictures and text (Johns Hopkins, $25). Volume III is the bibliography, for experts ($12.50).

There are art books a-plenty, of course, and here the selections suffer from the habitual duplication and copy-catting. Publishers seem to feel that one Van Gogh calls for fifteen others. Here are some books that brave their way among the clichés. Denys Sutton's *Nocturne: The Art of James McNeill Whistler* (Lippincott, $7.95) is a pleasure to see and to read. So is Johan Langaard's and Reidar Revold's *Edvard Munch* (McGraw Hill, $19.95). Harvard has William Fredeman's *Pre-Raphaelitism* ($9.95), which is not strictly a Christmas picture book but is an interesting study of a movement that has been coming into interest for the past few years. Marcel Duchamp is an old master and something of an antique by this time, and a book about him seems as normal as a treatise on Norman Rockwell: *Marcel Duchamp: Ready Mades, Etc. (1913-1964)* (Abrams, $18.50), by Walter Hopps, Ulf Linde, and Arturo Schwarz.

Sir John Rothenstein and Martin Butlin have done a splendid job of reinterpreting Turner; twenty-four color-plates and 214 reproductions in all (*Turner,* Braziller, $20). *The World of Atget* prints 176 photographs of the master French photographer Eugene Atget, who died in 1927. The text is by Bernice Abbott, herself a renowned photographer (Horizon, $17.95). And in case you were broke or timid last Christmas, Horizon still has available the *Buildings, Plans, and Designs* of Frank Lloyd Wright, a portfolio of Wright drawings for a dollar the drawing. François Cali and the photographer Jean-Pierre Sudre have approached Flemish painting by looking at the city where it was born: a delightful way of presenting a city and its art together. (*Bruges,* Rand McNally, $19.95). Philippe Huisman's and M. G. Dortu's *Lautrec by Lautrec* sounds like another picture-book about a man so well known that nothing new might conceivably be done to spruce up a book about him. Not so: this is an astounding treatment, a biography of documents, photographs (Lautrec was a great ham as well as a fine photographer), and paintings. As always, Lautrec seems to be more mythical than any fictional character, and more human than any other artist of the last two centuries. (Viking, $30).

Books of cartoons and humor—

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so quickly gobbled up for the price they ask!—are easily found. There *are* superior ones to be had: William Cole's generous *Big Bowl of Punch,* for instance (Simon and Schuster, $8.95), a 330-page anthology of cartoons, verse, and prose from the English weekly; and, as one more example, Charles Addams' *The Groaning Board,* same publisher, $3.95.

Remember that nearly all prices as listed apply to pre-Christmas shopping. They go up several dollars afterwards.

The Humanitarian Majority

STANLEY PARRY

GIVEN the span of years and the variety of subjects treated, it is surprising that this collection of the best learned essays of John P. Roche over the past twelve years does achieve a unity of thought. In one sense it is a compendium of the most intelligent Liberal position on the subjects treated; but more than that, each essay rings some variation on the theme of power and freedom. The three or four major lines of argument achieve unity at a point of convergence which, paradoxically, is not a solution, nor even a problem, but a massive dilemma. The dilemma, it is true, is latent. But the converging lines of argument bring it sufficiently to the level of conscious reflection that Liberals cannot much longer avoid confronting it. They will then find that it is one which they cannot solve and which they cannot bear to live with.

Substance and Shadow: Essays on the Theory and Structure of Politics, by John P. Roche. Macmillan, $6.95

The dilemma comes to this: must we in the last analysis suppress political dissent from Liberal leadership in order to preserve the rights of Americans? It has already been discovered that intolerance is intolerable because it violates rights. And it is clear from the logic of the argument in this book that soon the Liberals must, on their own showing, find political dissent, at least illiberal political dissent, equally intolerable because it too is dangerous to liberty. Mr. Roche, we all know, would reject this conclusion. Yet it is logically present in his own thought.

Mr. Roche, unlike many Liberals, is reasonably content as he runs his eye over the sweep of American political and constitutional history. He sees it as a history of progress toward an ever-increasing freedom of the individual, especially as expressed in that all-important marginal case, freedom of the noncomformist against his community. This progress has been realized concretely in three historical developments to which Roche gives theoretical approval: first, the increasing centralization of power in what we used to call the federal, but is now called the National Government; secondly, the disintegration of rural closed communities under the impact of the impersonalized open communities of urban America; and finally, the deconstitutionalization of governmental processes. We now have a centralized government completely sensitive to

Random Notes

● BOOKS: The only book ever written by a President in office, Lyndon Johnson's *My Hope for America* (Random House) had a pre-order of 100,000 copies, from, of course, the Democratic Party. What do you suppose they did with them? Read them? . . . . "The literary find of the decade," says Putnam; anyway, it's Henry Miller's letters to the she surrealist, Anaïs Nin, edited by Gunther Stuhlmann, for February, $6.95. . . . Another novel, this January, from Charles Dickens' great-granddaughter Monica Dickens, *Kate and Emma,* about a ward of court and a magistrate's daughter (Coward-McCann, $4.95) . . . . Frank MacShane has edited Ford Madox Ford's *Critical Writings* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) . . . . and Farrar, Straus & Giroux published on the same day last month Morrison Wood's *Through Europe with a Jug of Wine* and Father Robert Gannon's *After More Black Coffee.*

● MOVIES: Warner Bros. were to have offered for the Christmas season the twenty-million-dollar *Greatest Story Ever Told,* but complications have held it up and you can't see it until March. Theaters long reserved for the Gospel in Cinerama will show instead *How to Murder Your Wife.* March seems none too soon. . . . François Truffaut (*Jules et Jim, Shoot the Piano Player*) is collaborating with Jean-Louis Richard to film a life of Mata Hari, as, they say, a not wholly serious sigh for the grand old days when espionage was at least romantic, and even human. . . . Once again film people are toying with the idea of taking on James Joyce's *Ulysses,* a project as often abandoned as begun. This time it's the director Joe Stritch, who's even now in Dublin looking over a cast. Peter Sellers was once a candidate for Leopold Bloom, and it's hoped he'll get all the way this time. . . . The 1934 *Scarlet Letter* (Hollywood's fifth version of the classic, with Coleen Moore and Hardie Albright) is back on the circuits. . . . A recent film festival in Sweden showed an *Adam and Eve* which was praised by the critics for its brevity until it was disclosed that the projectionist had forgotten to show an entire reel which no one had missed at all. . . . And Elizabeth Taylor is to star in the film version, at Warner Bros., of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—with her current partner.

● KULCHUR: At the Whittier Hotel in Detroit on a recent night Ringo, Paul, George, and John slept. The sheets they slept on, and under, have been sold, unlaundered, for $400, cut into 150,000 pieces, and are for sale at a dollar the swatch, or fetish. Richy Victor and Larry Einhorn, of Chicago, thought up this commerce. They also bought the pillow cases, but these are in a bank vault at the moment, disposition undisclosed.

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Speaking Up . . .

William A. Rusher has already had three separate civilian careers. He has been a practicing attorney in Wall Street's largest law firm, Associate Counsel to the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, publisher since 1957 of National Review.

Mr. Rusher will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country in the first half of 1965.

Your university or club can also write for openings in the 1965 schedules of our other speakers: Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of National Review and editor of *What is Conservatism?;* Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist and author of *The Winning Side;* L. Brent Bozell, attorney, lecturer and author; Russell Kirk, professor of politics, syndicated columnist and author of *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman;* Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author; Dr. Thomas Molnar, lecturer and author of *The Failure of the Counter-Revolution;* Ernest van den Haag, eminent psychoanalyst and professor of social philosophy; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, linguist and author; William F. Rickenbacker, senior editor of National Review.

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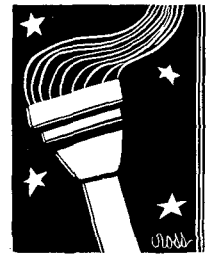
the political will of the majority.

The dark starting point from which this progress began is colonial America, characterized by consensus-conscious subgroups whose main feature was intolerance of dissent. The first faltering step forward was taken with the adoption of the Constitution. It turned out to be a federal constitution instead of the centralized one the Founders really wanted because of the stubborn resistance of these intolerant subgroups. But with the Fourteenth Amendment, the country began moving with all deliberate speed toward the National Government the Founders originally intended. The process was immeasurably enhanced by industrialization, which weakened the power of the consensus groups, replacing them with the highly impersonal relations of the city and the accompanying increase of freedom of dissent. (And *pace* to Mr. Riesman's *Lonely Crowd.*)

PUT BOTH of these developments together and we have the "Nationalization of Liberty." (Well, we finally got *something* nationalized.) By that Mr. Roche seems to mean that the National Government now protects the noncomformist from the intolerance still remaining in the subgroup life of the nation.

This centralized authority operates for the protection of rights with much greater efficiency today because it has been effectively liberated from constitutional limitations. Most important of all has been the extension of the President's prerogative power. Roche is quite clear that he doesn't mean the expansion of Executive power under legislative enactment. He means precisely prerogative power: the power to act promptly and decisively to meet a crisis without worrying about the Constitution. Since we live in an age of permanent crisis, both domestic and foreign, this is a good thing. The only limitation today on prerogative power, as Roche manages to convince me, is a political one, not (as the myth would have it) a constitutional one applied judicially. In his analysis of the Steel Seizure Case in Truman's Administration, Roche concludes that the courts invalidated this executive act only because Congress and the opinion-makers of the country objected to it. And he concludes further that where these two support Presidential action, the Court will never find it invalid, although it might have to split hairs rather fine to go along.

After approving these structural changes on theoretical grounds, Mr. Roche charmingly admits that of course some danger exists in the existence of such concentrated and liberated power. In the bad old days, the nonconformist could move down the river and start his own intolerant consensus group, or go West, or anyway go someplace else. But as the



fate of the Mormons shows, the citizen cannot hide from the National Government. And no freedom-of-religion appeal will make any difference if the government, with the support of the people, *i.e.*, opinion-makers, dislikes what is being done.

The crucial question is, how does the author handle this problem of freedom and power? Guardini has observed that the control of power, both physical and political, is the most profound problem in the contemporary world. What is Mr. Roche's solution to the problem he himself raises?

One must search a bit for the solution since it is not offered in an essay, but one can glean it from the book. It seems that the same historical processes that raised the problem also developed a solution to it. In the course of the "nationalization of liberty," a deep change occurred in the nature of the ruling majority in the United States. In the early days there were "militant majorities"—the factions of Nos. 10 and 51 of *The Federalist;* these, while jealous of their corporate freedom from federal control, were quite intolerant of dissent within themselves. And on the two occasions when they coalesced into a national majority they projected their intolerant mentalities into federal suppression of opinion (the Alien and Sedition Acts and the post-World War I attacks on the socialists). Then somewhere along the line man changed and a national "humanitarian majority" appeared. This majority is a reasonable one; it is not formed by a coalition of selfish, intolerant subgroups but is rooted in an unselfish dedication to the common weal. Man, contrary to Madison and most early theorists, can change and become reasonable. Roche admits

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this statement is an unverifiable hypothesis, but then for Roche all hypotheses are ultimately unverifiable. We can have certitude in our convictions only on the level of action, not on the level of thought, where all questions are forever open.

The appearance of the "humanitarian majority" was probably made possible in the 1930s by the mass migration of Liberals into the government bureaucracy and into the major positions of opinion-making in the country. This is "the most important development of the past half century," and it indicates the solution to the problem of the right use of the massive power of the National Government. There is no danger of abuse as long as the power remains in the hands of good men, *i.e.*, Liberals, who know the difference between good and evil, and use power only for good ends.

I do not think I have caricatured Roche's position. It is literally as naive as that. The entire political wisdom of the West is jettisoned, for in a theory of progress there is no wisdom in the past to equal that of the present. A theory that posits the plasticity of human nature cannot embrace the generalization that power corrupts. It corrupts only the corruptible. For a theory that justifies the use of power solely by the rightness of the end sought, constitutional limitations are an anachronism left over from the pre-Liberal days of evil men and militant majorities.

And now the Liberal must face the dilemma: what should Liberals do if illiberal, *i.e.*, conservative, men threaten to inherit the power of the National Government? Roche, writing confidently in 1952, notes that among other things that protect us from Presidential dictatorship is "the party screening process which makes it almost impossible for an extremist to be nominated for the Presidency." That is, there really is no problem because the bad guys are always kept out. Yet in 1964 a bona fide "bad guy" and official "extremist" by Liberal standards was nominated. And he did get 26 million "extremist" votes, *i.e.*, conservative votes. The Liberal solution this time was, to use Roche's terminology, to identify the conservative movement as a colation of "militant minorities" (the popular term was "extremist"); secondly to insist that it was not in the

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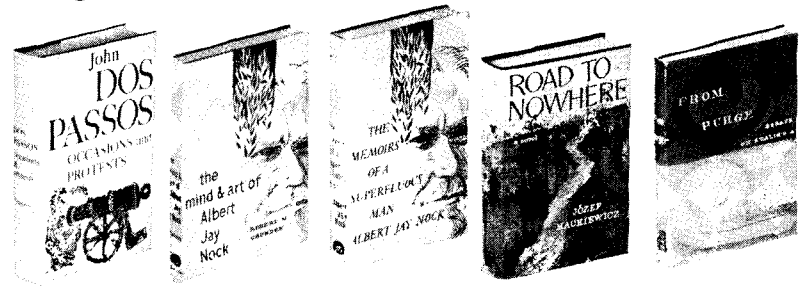

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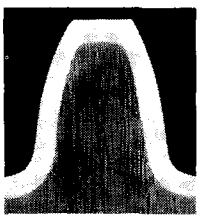

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mainstream of American thought, *i.e.*, not part of the "humanitarian majority"; and finally to appeal to both parties to, in effect, disenfranchise these "extremist" groups by rejecting their support. Only the humanitarian majority is allowed to speak. "Evil" has no rights at all.

Roche observes that a major cause of revolution lies in the refusal of elites to circulate. But now the Liberals are stuck with a theory that imposes a deep moral obligation on them to stay in power. For theirs are the only hands in which power can safely rest. So what about dissent from the right? What about non-conformism *vis-à-vis* the Liberal orthodoxy? Will this too become intolerable as soon as it constitutes a clear and present danger of conservative victory at the polls? Must such dissent be suppressed in the very name of non-conformity? These questions cannot be answered in any rational way. So an irrational way may be chosen. Insoluble dilemmas breed neurosis.

New York Film Festival

Good Movies Are Worse Than Ever

ARLENE CROCE

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK, the second annual New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. Six French, five Japanese, four American, three Italian, two Polish entries, plus one apiece from the USSR, Argentina, India, Britain, Canada and Sweden make twenty-six features. No prizes, few celebs—just the joy of exhibiting our tenderness toward art in advance of the unfeeling mobs on the espresso circuit. Besides, who knows? This greatness may not come again. Of the thirty films shown at last year's Festival, nine gained commercial bookings. Resnais' *Muriel*—ah, how they mocked it, twisted it—*died* at the Plaza.

Program Director Richard Roud writes: "Nobody would seriously claim that such books as *Gone With the Wind* or *Forever Amber* were greater than *The Sound and the Fury* or *The Waves*, even though the former certainly sold more copies." One learns the essentially anti-democratic nature of art: ". . . a certain number of films will be found which can only be classified as difficult, films that demand more than merely passive enjoyment."

Thus does intimidation pass for instruction. If you didn't care for *The Waves*, too bad for you. If you don't like a certain Festival film, if all you get is a hard time with no reward—why, obviously you weren't able to give the thing what it demanded. We should all be grateful to affairs like the New York Film Festival for exposing what has really happened to movies in the last decade, for showing up the shuddersome fact that the long love affair of the Left with the "mass art" of the movies has finally aborted, leaving it in full possession of a medium with no audience. Hence the belated discovery that Mozart is not for the millions. Sadder still for Mr. Roud and his bullying comparisons, his Festival choices turned out to be a rum lot, dreary little vendibles veiled, for the showcase's smart sake, in the mists of modern pedantry and minority affectation. Anyone who sat through enough of them (I did twelve, the limit for being more than merely passive) was bound to notice—and this Mr. Roud can not have intended—how far, by his own standards of comparison, they fall beneath even an elementary level of interest. Shouldn't one have expected a New York Festival film to be *more* interesting than *Gone With the Wind*, more poetically precise, not less?

Mr. Roud, who is both an American and a longtime associate of the British Film Institute, knows too much about movies and too much about the world to be caught implying that what is not popular is very likely great. I might say the same for Mr. Amos Vogel, who organizes the Festival much as he has organized, year after year, Cinema 16, a course in Basic Cinema for the budding movie aesthete. Yet both gentlemen cling, electrified, to the commercial standard. Roud thinks the success of the Festival depends upon whether enough people say yes to the "fundamental question." (Why do Liberals burden even their taste

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in movies with "fundamental questions"? Roud's rhetoric is typically grey-in-the-face: *"This . . . is the situation with which we are now faced in the cinema . . ."* And again: *"The film-goer or the critic can ignore the problem (but for how long?): a Film Festival cannot."* Cannot ignore, that is, the question whether "a film which has not been bought [for distribution]—or a film which has not made any money—[can] be any good."

WELL, WHO'S TO SAY? Who's to say, for that matter, whether a film which *has* made money can be any good? But Roud and Vogel want your Yes. Mozart wants his millions after all. This confusion of the moral and the aesthetic is so common a device of promoters that it is no longer noticed. You are beseeched to support art as if it were a cause, or an invalid. You are encouraged to think of imponderables as being entered in some actual main event. What the New York Film Festival shows is that people will indeed attend twenty-six films in thirteen nights at the butt-end of a city summer, and in thundering numbers, too. Rarely in the history of movies have so many given up so much in their principled refusal to be entertained. Not too surprising, in view of Mr. Vogel's successful tenderizing operations at Cinema 16 over the years, and Mr. Roud's sexy ad copy (note: "Genet-like relationships" are the same as when they used to be called "Gide-like relationships"). But box-office receipts, even at a film festival, don't measure worth, only attendance. Will it now be said, as an audience of cultural drudges, adventurers and market analysts slouches away home, that New York has taken Godard, Bertolucci, Teshigahara, etc. to its heart?

The whole anti-commercial gambit is tushery. Of all the films I saw, only two seemed really commercially hopeless anyway—*The Taira Clan* by the late Kenji Mizoguchi, and Luis Buñuel's famous *L'Age d'Or;* the Mizoguchi because it is a bore—a beautiful bore, but a bore—and the Buñuel because it is a rather faded relic of an era in art and politics, a Portrait of the Artist as a Young Communist that one might expect to find in a museum. Curiously, these two genuine cripples were the Festival's oldest films, made in 1955 and 1930 respectively. Everything else was red-hot and new. As for example:

—A Japanese allegory showing how Zen improves the outlook of people who must live their lives at the bottom of a sand pit.

—A Japanese allegory about an innocent youth who sees corruption all about him, and is driven to set fire to a Symbol.

—An unfinished Polish film about concentration camps, combining atrocity pornography with a "Genet-like" relationship.

—A film by Jean-Luc Godard, with his untalented wife Anna Karina.

—Another film by Godard, with his untalented wife Anna Karina.

—A Japanese allegory about a young sailor who has a Kon-Tiki-like relationship with his boat.

—About the tenth or twelfth Italian folk opera to appear in the last four years, condemning political corruption in Sicily.

—*Lilith.*

—*Fail Safe.*

BUT THAT WILL DO. Movies are changed. That is to say, or so someone has said, good movies are worse than ever. There is a new international style inherited from music and architecture, and a new anarchy as well. And when you have something that friends and enemies alike are pleased to refer to as the cinema of the absurd, when you are caught by the peculiar dead and unresonant impact, in film after film, of the *avant garde,* then the classical movie, with its decomposing treasure of communicative form, becomes something cherishable. It was Joseph E. Levine (producer of *Up from Hercules Unchained*) who financed Godard's *Le Mépris.* Having tasted ultimate chic, he expelled it and made *The Carpetbaggers.* Next week: *Harlow* (how they've mocked it), *An Intimate Biography.*

I, too, mourn the Roxy. Movies were not meant for Philharmonic Hall (nor was music: the place is a setting for world conferences on the brotherhood of man). There one stood, between the dark and the daylight, the Lippolds and the Warhols, the Davids and the Lisas, waiting for the picture show. Movies have changed. And as Jean Harlow in *Blonde Bombshell* says, whatta loada clams.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

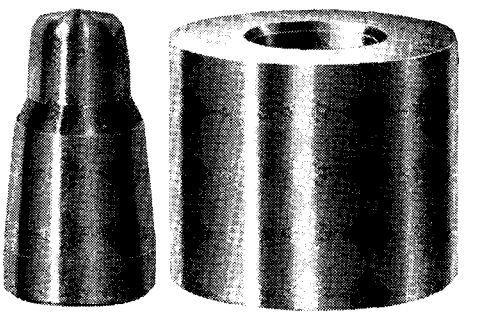
INCOGNITO, by Petru Dumitriu (Macmillan, $5.95). This book will speak profoundly to certain men, perhaps only a few, but it will be one of the books, like the philosophy of Descartes, or the Gospel of St. John or *Les Misérables*, that nourish an abiding inward vision of the whole universe. What it will be for the rest of the world—a name, a bit of glory, something people will, alas, be forced to read in school, a point of departure for many critical articles—is incidental. But it will be all these things. Already it has entered literary history and comes to us with such golden commendation from the leading critics of France that we cannot believe they are serious. They are. It is a book about war, incest, the earth, freedom, the relations of man to man, the search for identity, the poetry of daily life, the terrible reality of God. Some of the war scenes are better than Tolstoy or Hemingway. But in the midst of them, and of his grim portrayals of the infinitely bleak atmosphere of bureaucratic Communism, Dumitriu portrays the soul. He is one of the few modern writers who is keenly alive to the mystery of Good as well as the mystery of Evil and explores it truthfully.

F. CLINTON

SILENTLY, BY NIGHT, by Russell Peterson (McGraw-Hill, $6.95). Mr. Peterson's subject matter, the world of bats—what they are and how they react—is inherently fascinating, despite Mr. Peterson's assumption that anything that repels us has *ipso facto* no fascination for us. His "cute" writing to entice the reader is not only needless but makes rather sticky going of the first few chapters. Once he becomes absorbed in describing these highly specialized mammals, he communicates his enthusiasm and his wealth of knowledge; he also makes us as impatient to learn more as the naturalists are to discover more about the "sonar" and "radar" of bats, about their hibernation and migration. From "flying mouse" to "flying foxes," they are as astonishing in actuality as in myth and legend.

E. MERRITT

another example of Kennametal* USE-VALUE



Kennametal valve parts handling abrasive slurry save $40,000/year at waste disposal plant

A waste disposal plant had real trouble with valves controlling the flow of a very abrasive and corrosive slurry composed of sludge, sand and water. The slurry is processed at 500°F and at pressures up to 1500 psi. Stainless steel valve parts lasted only one day. A special cast alloy bettered this record—stems lasted nine days and the seats 18.

Finally a special wear- and corrosion-resistant grade of Kennametal was tried. Valve life immediately jumped to 180 days for the seats and 75 days for the stems. Here is how costs of the two materials compared:

Cast Alloy Parts	Average Life	Unit Cost	Total
20 Seats	18 Days	$100.00	$2,000.00
40 Stems	9 Days	50.00	2,000.00
Labor, 40 Changes @		50.00	2,000.00
Total annual cost per valve			$6,000.00

Kennametal Parts	Average Life	Unit Cost	Total
2 Seats	180 Days	$167.50	$ 335.00
5 Stems	75 Days	83.00	415.00
Labor, 5 Changes @		50.00	250.00
Total annual cost per valve			$1,000.00

Annual Savings with Kennametal

Savings Per Valve	$ 5,000
Eight Valves (8 x $5,000)	$40,000

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Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

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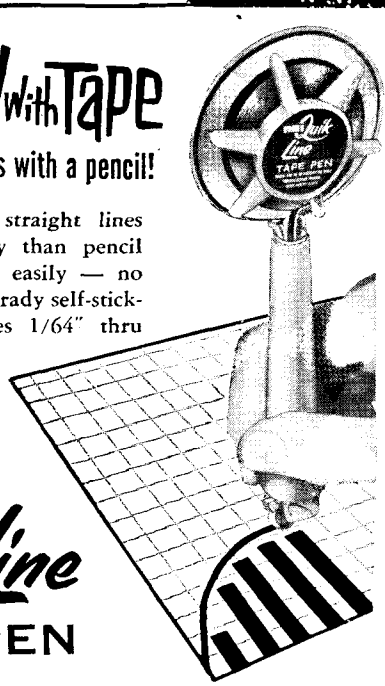

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1087)

dissipated by such acts of stupidity as occurred here in Jamaica, Queens, on Election Eve.

Returning from a house call, I was stopped in the middle of that senseless mob and more senseless rioting. My car was rocked and spat upon, the aerial ripped off. My hair was pulled by a hoodlum to the accompaniment of personal vilification re my white ancestry and forebears. My M.D. plates and insignia apparently meant nothing. I was not physically afraid but I was stunned by the intensity of the malevolence. These were not young people on a juvenile rampage. This was juvenile delinquency at its worst.

Did they realize what they were doing? In the broad sense of damage to well-established Negro-white relationships—no! In the narrow sense, venting their spleen individually at any white person without thought for the result—yes! Such irrational acts of personal irresponsibility can lead only to further heightening of tensions with the inevitable, unnecessary shedding of blood.

Richmond Hill, N.Y. WM. P. RILEY, M.D.

Cheers for Hancock

What prompts this note is your new cartoonist, Mr. Mal Hancock [Nov. 3]. It's amazing what he accomplishes with a few simple lines and a caption. Let's have more of him. He's great.

Portland, Ore. JAMES P. O'HEARN

Unplayable Lie

The press last week carried reports of Secretary Rusk's meeting with Andrei Gromyko in New York for high level talks on U.S.-Soviet relations.

If the spirit of John F. Kennedy were visible, he might be seen standing beside the desk of Lyndon Johnson shaking his head. It was Gromyko who visited the White House two years ago and lied to Mr. Kennedy about the Russian missiles in Cuba. What does Gromyko now have to say to Rusk that anybody would believe?

What can be the meaning of this new diplomatic insanity? No doubt we shall see an extrapolation of coexistence to cooperation, perhaps even to collaboration if not outright cohabitation.

Huntingdon Valley, Pa. ERNEST RECHEL

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What workers like to be.	13 42 84
B. Theodore Roosevelt's alma mater.	31 98 121 71 197 129 15
C. Mother of John the Baptist.	49 169 54 99 179 136 16 1 38
D. One of things Apostle Paul took pleasure in (2 Cor. 12:10).	55 172 91 72 140 145 183 106 195 163 148
E. Tularemia (2 wds.).	64 186 52 154 199 39 174 141 87 170 17
F. What too many congressmen are (2 wds.).	68 175 107 4 116 201
G. Attaching labels to.	75 5 40 122 88 143 171
H. Question with more rhyme than reason (4 wds.).	78 200 8 89 83 30 108 165 46 113 159 185 132 127
I. God with us.	102 59 97 80 180 192 75 20
J. Appellation of Jesus Christ (2 wds.).	112 32 134 76 100 66 22 149 41 196 123 60 184
K. Slang for trouble that doesn't follow skating on thin ice (3 wds.).	120 61 92 147 43 23 156 47 67 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Andronicus and Junia as described by Paul (hyph.).	124 11 21 194 173 138 146 81 24 44 189 73 109 93 187
M. Three-legged stands.	137 101 69 167 128 45 25
N. Jurisdiction (Roman Catholic usage).	142 33 26 133 110 130 70 177 155
O. Efficacious against fever.	190 28 151 34 114 18 135 6 144
P. Left winger's favorite century (why?).	198 12 182 29 56 7 188 77 48
Q. Town in Somerset, England.	2 139 62 57 50 157 150 191 90 79
R. Year of first Republican presidential win.	9 158 181 118 82 58 63 14 95 168 176 125 153
S. Character in Goethe's 'Faust.'	27 119 164 162 86 103 65 35 193 178 3 152 53 115
T. Of majestic dignity.	51 19 160 36 126 96
U. Coming into possession of.	85 104 117 161 166 111 37
V. A good river to be out on.	94 105 131

						1 C	2 Q	3 S		4 F	5 G	6 O	7 P		8 H	9 R
10 K	11 L		12 P	13 A	14 R	15 B	16 C	17 E	18 O	19 T	20 I	21 L	22 J		23 K	24 L
25 M	26 N		27 S	28 O	29 P		30 H	31 B	32 J		33 N	34 O	35 S	36 T	37 U	38 C
39 E		40 G	41 J	42 A	43 K	44 L		45 M	46 H		47 K	48 P	49 C		50 Q	51 T
52 E	53 S		54 C	55 D		56 P	57 Q	58 R		59 I	60 J	61 K	62 Q	63 R	64 E	
65 S	66 J	67 K	68 F		69 M	70 N	71 B	72 D	73 L	74 G	75 I	76 J		77 P	78 H	79 Q
	80 I	81 L	82 R		83 H	84 A		85 U	86 S	87 E	88 G	89 H	90 Q		91 D	92 K
93 L	94 V	95 R	96 T	97 I	98 B	99 C		100 J	101M	102I	103S	104U	105V	106D	107F	
108H	109L	110N	111U	112J		113H	114O	115S	116F		117U	118R	119S	120K	121B	
122G	123J	124L	125R	126T		127H	128M	129B	130N		131V	132H		133N	134J	135Q
136C	137M		138L	139Q	140D	141E		142N	143G	144O	145D		146L	147K	148D	149J
150Q	151O	152S	153R		154E	155N	156K	157Q	158R	159H	160T		161U	162S	163D	
164S	165H	166U	167M	168R	169C	170E	171G	172D		173L	174E		175F	176R	177N	178S
179C	180I	181R	182P		183D	184J		185H	186E	187L	188P		189L	190O		191Q
192I	193S	194L	195D	196J	197B	198P	199E	200H	201F							

See page 1108 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

Buried in the press: a demand by prominent American Negro leaders that the United States withdraw all support from the government of Moise Tshombe. The demand, signed by Martin Luther King Jr., James Farmer, Whitney Young Jr., Roy Wilkins, A. Philip Randolph and Dorothy Height (Pres. of the National Council of Negro Women), reached Pres. Johnson just twelve hours before the paratroop drop in Stanleyville. . . . Timing of the drop, according to European press, was decided when a message from rebel General Nicholas Olenga to his troops ordering the massacre of all whites was intercepted. . . . It's now estimated that between 7,000 and 20,000 Congolese have been killed by Communist-led troops in the bloodbath of recent weeks in the Congo. . . . The Chinese mastermind of the big-scale Peking operation in central Africa is believed to be Ho Ying, the Chinese Ambassador to Tanzania. . . . Although the Egyptian Government has duly apologized for the attack on the U.S. Embassy in Cairo last week, the apology has not been published in the Cairo press.

Near-final count indicates the Republican Party lost 541 seats in the various state legislatures on Nov. 3. . . . The New York State Republican Party reports it spent $615,000 on the Goldwater-Miller campaign—as compared to $3.5 million in the Nixon-Lodge campaign. . . . Judge Howard Smith, chairman of the powerful House Rules Committee, predicts Congress will go along with Pres. Johnson until LBJ has "stepped on too many toes." . . . Latest Gallup poll shows Americans oppose entry of Red China to the UN, 3-1.

More trouble ahead in Cyprus. Egyptian-trained Greek Cypriot crews are reported to have taken delivery of a Soviet torpedo boat in Alexandria harbor, plus 30 anti-aircraft guns and other military hardware. . . . Going cheap: three suits for a short, stout man. They were ordered last September from the famous Rome tailor Angelo Litrico, by Nikita Khrushchev. . . . Nasser's new press chief, Khaled Mohieddin, has been identified as a former member of the Communist Party; he was a member of the original Egyptian Revolutionary Command Council but had been in eclipse since the late '50s.

Lurie-Yedioth Ahronoth, Israel — Ben Roth Agency

Final Exam, for Young Egyptian Diplomats

Under prodding by members of the French National Assembly, Prime Minister Pompidou finally reported that Pres. de Gaulle's trip to South America had cost the French treasury between eight and nine million francs (about $1.8 million). . . . Some of de Gaulle's advisers not so sure his recognition of Peking was smart. Since recognition there has been large increase in Red Chinese subversive activities in the former French African colonies.

Industry sources are now predicting that three out of every ten cases brought up under the civil rights law will be brought by women charging discrimination on grounds of sex. . . . Despite the talk about widespread mental illness, the Public Health Service reports there are 9.7 per cent fewer patients in mental hospitals in 1963 than in 1956. . . . The Agriculture Dept. reports that 44 million people in the U.S., its territories and dependencies, received free food last year.

Spotted underneath one of the dozens of "Polish-Soviet Friendship Month" signs which were plastered all over Warsaw in October, the comment: "All right, but not a second longer."

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New Schick hot lather in a pushbutton can!

Hold the top under hot running water for just seconds. An exclusive heat coil picks up heat from the water—then transfers it to the shave cream. Simply press the button and out comes rich, hot lather—barbershop style. Hot lather softens the beard, gives you a cleaner, more comfortable shave.

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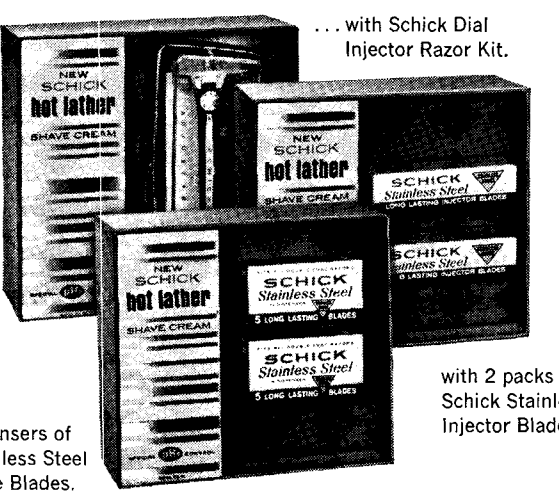

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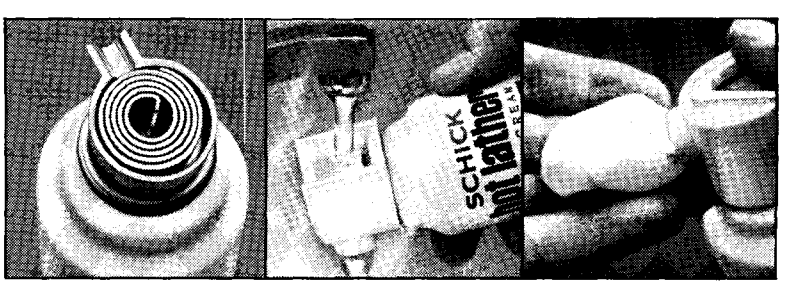

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